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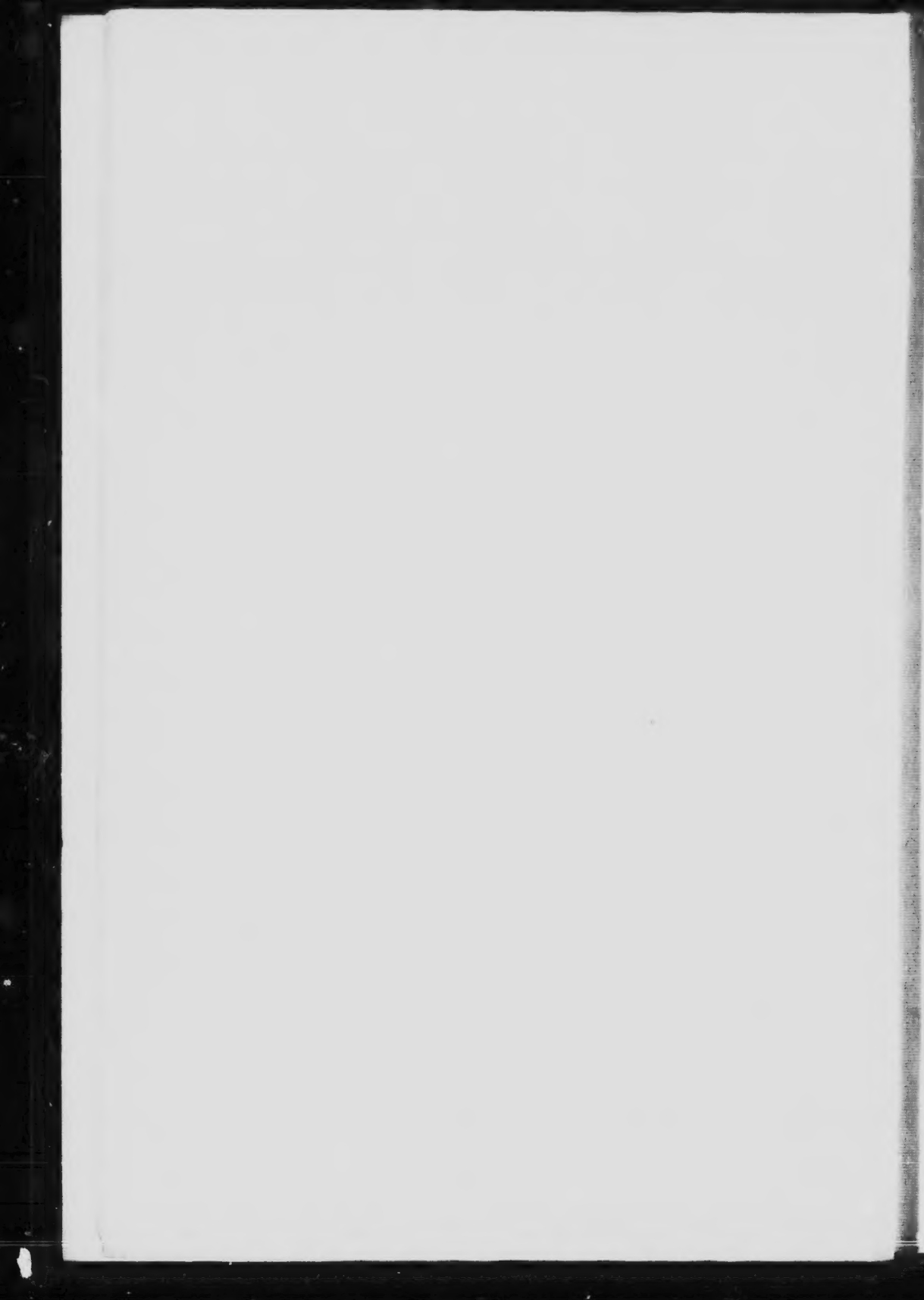
with very many ancient memories
which may be recalled by some
of the writers etc.

from Li old friend
J. H. H. H. H.

New Year Day 1913

Li H. H.





THE WISDOM OF WALOOPI

BY

J. HERRICK MCGREGOR

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DEDICATION—TO A MEMORY.

(" Full fathom five thy Father lies.")

How deep have they buried thee ? Ben Lee—
Since you would not creep like a serpent wise
Nor, crouched to earth o'er the hummocked rise,
Take a cautious word of me.

(" Of his bones are coral made.")

Would ye rather fling them free ? Ben Lee—
As they flung lang syne when the music played
And the troop-ship parted man and maid,
On the shore of Acadie ?

(" Those are pearls that were his eyes.")

And what may your brown eyes be ? Ben Lee—
They twinged to a shock that was not surprise
When you bent to the wound whose bearer dies
In a spume of agony.

(" Nothing of him that doth fade ")

'Twill not be thy memory, Ben Lee—
That loses lustre at turn of a spade ;
Nor the fame of a soldier, unafraid
Of the million-tongued Menie.

(" But hath suffered a sea change ")

Do you think on our western sea ? Ben Lee—,
As you moulder far on an Afric range,
Long, long away from your Kentish grange
And the ranch on Kootanie.

(" Into something rich and strange.")

Not rich, nor strangers we, Ben Lee—
When our snow-clad hills you gave in exchange,
And gladly went to the muck and mange
Of a Queen's ship sick at sea.

(" Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell.")

And many a tall pine tree, Ben Lee,
Whispers a song when the breezes swell,
Of the old camp days that we lived so well
Together, since ninety-three.

(" Hark ! Now I hear them—Ding, Dong, Bell ! ")

I have said the old litany, Ben Lee,
As oft on the words your lips would dwell,
Ere you conquered fate and rose where you fell,
To your own eternity.

”)

THE WISDOM OF WALOOPI

FAILURE AND SUCCESS.

"FOLLOW thine element," says Waloopi, "and thou shalt not be led astray." Is the fish lost in the deep waters, or does the sandstorm shackle the homecoming foot of the Bedouin? Again: "If the world is mine by the love I bear it, how shall I be a wanderer? Nay, for the long, last, ultimate acre is the very threshold of my hearth."

True enough, but what about Sir John Franklin? It may be that even he and such as he who have perished in the wilderness, their goal unattained, passed quietly from home to home with less trouble and more glory than marked the ending of that much domesticated monarch, Henry VIII. of England.

Failure and success—who can clearly distinguish them? On the Plains of Abraham I think the spirit of Montcalm comes even closer than that of Wolfe to the musing pilgrim who dreams again the battles of the past.

"Are thy virtues unknown to the people?" says Waloopi. "So then are thy greater sins. Lie low and give thanks."

Elsewhere he remarks: "A cauliflower is judged by its head; therein is its worth. But as for beets, we must get to the root of the matter."

In Waloopi I find the following: Queen Schirin, basking in love and idleness, while Ferhad conceived and brought into shape his wonder work of passionate architecture, found, by a spring in the great oasis where they camped, a cluster of blue flowers, whose leafy tendrils clung and spread ever downward, and whose blossoms,

perched airily on tiny shafts of green, faced and outshone in color the dome of heaven.

"See, my love," she cried, "the beauty of it. Thou alone of men art able to devise a fitting cup for this. Make me a vase of mine own, that I may keep this plant and thy memory in the sad days to come."

And he, taking a sheet of solid gold, bended out a bowl, clutched threefold by the Fates, who wrestled and overcame many bodies, downthrown and trampled out to form a base; and in the three spaces of the bowl he wrought in allegory the souls of their two selves alone, in the past, the present, and the future. But over all and about the rim he scribed letters that sang in poetry the power and triumph of Love. And Schirin planted the flowers therein, and they thrive.

Afterwards there came from his hunting the fierce Khosroes, who went southward, and with him Schirin.

And she saddened and took no pleasure from the memory of a love that was now naught but pain. Till on a day one said: "Why hide the glory of thy goblet 'neath the leaves of a plant?" And she took therefrom the flowers, and in place heaped it with purple grapes, and looked on the work of her lover, and was proud and glad again. And she set the plant in a basket of osier, and, looking down on the blossoms, her heart was humbled, and she shed tears. And in time came peace. To grasp the unity of things, one must separate.

* * * *

I have been greatly annoyed by a young friend of mine who is only energetic in wasting time. To wean him from ways of idleness, I lured him one evening into an assembly of nature-lovers, who mutually aid and instruct each other in pleasant study and beneficent knowledge.

This is what he wrote to me the following day:—

I entered unsuspecting once a scientific joint,
And being non-contagious to the game
I thought I'd watch the cases jest to see how things would
point
Before I bought a stack and played the same.

They set the ball a-rollin' with a lecture from a guy
Who told us all about the winning ways
Of centipedes and buglets, and he shewed the reason why
We don't domesticate tarantulas.

He told us all the habits (which he called it habitats)
Of the porcupine, the gopher and the squid.
He shewed just where to look for rattle-snakes and bush-
tail rats
For those who'd lost the same—I never did.

And he closed his entertainin' little spiel with some
remarks
On a bona fide scorpion that he'd seen
A-baskin' in the sunshine, where the broad Bull-Piney
parks
Slope gently to the sand-fed Similkameen.

With some such peroration he sat down "amidst
applause,"
As the paper Johnnies say, until a bloke
Got up and rapped the table—"Gentlemen," and then
a pause,
"Any questions fer the gent what just has spoke?"

Then a silver-wigged old party rose and opened with a
smile,
Says he, "I'm sure we've learned a bit to-night,
I've often fished the Fraser with a fly, fer crocodile,
And so far I have failed to get a bite.

"I have hunted on the plateaus of the Upper Cariboo
Fer various kinds of prehistoric swag.
And tho' loaded for the mastodon, the Ibex and the gnu,
I haven't managed yet to make a bag.

And Hope—altho' eternal—was some faded in my breast;
But now it springs rejuvenantly green,
Since I have learned the gladsome truth that scorpions
infest

The railroad-trackless vales of Similkameen."

Then another lad, more solemn, got up gently on his toes
And murmured, "Mr. Chairman, don't you think
An enthoosiasitic student might in error diagnose
Fer scorpion, a lizard or a skink ?

"The mind that dreams of diadems, oft sees a precious
stone

In what is proved a pebble to the touch ;
And him what seeks for rara aves is similarly prone
To fool himself when he discovers such.

"An' therefore, without treadin' on no argumentive ground
Nor posin' as a Doubtin' Didymus,
I wish to ask our brother if the inseck what he found
Was characteristically venomous ? "

With that he doubled up his joints an' faded to his seat,
An' sombre silence spread thro'out the room,
Till Mister Bug Collector rose tumultuous to his feet
An' bitter smiled beneath a brow of gloom.

"I'm told," he says, "that rara aves an' pearls may be
compared

In foolin' up the finder. This of mine
Apparently is similar, since the paper I prepared
I've been an' cast before a flock of swine.

"I thought my reputation good enough fer such a thing
As differentiating skinks and scorp.

But no—I'm asked to immolate myself upon a sting
An' prove its poisoned venom with my corpse.

"'Tis well," says he, and draws a stoppered bottle from
his coat

What had a little lobster thing inside.

"Come out," he cried, "thou blighting one, that knows
no antidote,

For science sake, I'll perish in me pride.

"O son of Arachnida, with the pulmotracheate breath,
Produce thy maxillary pedipalps

And let thy venom'd telson be my instrument of death.

Strike! fearlessly as Cleopatra's Alps."

He rips his collar open an' he goes to pull the cork;

"Stop! Stop!" they yells, "you're Keno—don't get
gay!"

They make a vote unanimous to reckonize the scorp,

An' me—I passes out and drifts away.

KNOWLEDGE AND DESTINY.

"ARE you convicted of error?" asks Waloopi. "Give thanks, then, for knowledge." Again: "Folly is all-reaching and far-flung as the branches of a luxuriant shrub. Wisdom creepeth as the roots thereof, through depth and darkness, guided by the stones that bruise."

Wisdom is the right use of knowledge. Knowledge is the classification of facts. Facts are the residuum of those tests where the *reductio ad absurdum* volatilises all else.

A simple blowpipe method of analysing theories is to submit them to both reason and intuition. If a proposition appeals to your instinct and is confirmed by your logic, it is true to you, and fundamentally true so far as your brain is developed and your hereditary mentor unimpaired.

Condemned by both, it is false; but when acquiesced in by the one and denied by the other, it serves to warn the analyst that one or other of his mental faculties is at fault.

Unfortunately, the majority of us give undue precedence to either the inherent or the developed guide, and steer our courses entirely by reason or by instinct, by calculation or by emotion, by science or by tradition, with as satisfactory results as may be obtained from driving with a single rein.

If our steed is mettlesome, there is a smash; if reliable, we jog along in a harmless circle; but in neither case can we follow the straight road for any distance.

And the mania for mono-manipulation dominates the world and sets brother against brother eternally.

Whig or Tory, Individualist or Socialist, Church adherent or Quaker, we fight ever as to which rein shall be pulled. No ambidexterity—ours is the right hand and yours the gauche or gawky—Pull Devil, pull Baker! And after all, both reins get a fair amount of tugging, our leaders are wise, our wheelers steady, and the coach doesn't upset more than about once in so often. No harm done, tip her up again, and "vorwärts" always. Blow the bugle and crack the whip mightily, and we soon forget our bruises.

Not the best of all possible coaches, perhaps, but a very good one (in fine weather) for the man on the box seat, a fairly snug one (in wet weather) for the inside passengers, and not so bad either for the boy who hangs on behind. Whip up then and let us travel briskly and merrily. We shall know our destination when we get there.

Our destination—'tis a fair word and we use it freely enough—no less than four times a day on tram cars alone. But Destiny, though brief, comes less easily from our tongues. We give it the capital letter even in our thoughts, and file it in that cupboard of our mind whose lock grows rusty when our health is best.

I would recommend the same cupboard for the following outburst of a melancholic temperament:—

FAILURE.

Who turns his mind to other things,

He shall not win the race to-day.

Who seeks to run his lonely way

Must take no thought of angel wings.

Tho' flints may bruise, and marsh mud clings,

To fly is not to win the goal;

And tho' thy body vex thy soul.

Take thou the pains the roadway brings.

Slack not altho' a seraph sings
 A song of sweet release from pain.
 Press on before the soft refrain,
 Across thy heart its glamor flings.
 And when within thy hearing rings
 Laughter of happy throngs at play,
 Think well of this while it is day—
 "Who conquer only will be kings."
 And when the weary race is run,
 What is the prize for which I speed
 With bursting breast and feet that bleed
 And body fainting 'neath the sun?
 This shalt thou find when day is done—
 That thou hast given all thy strength,
 Hast fought the hours thro' all their length,
 And nothing but a bauble won.
 And when the twilight has begun
 Thou shalt lie weary, sad, alone,
 Thy pillow but a rugged stone,
 While in the distance, one by one,
 Arise the joys that thou didst shun—
 The siren song of seraphs fair.
 The flight of angels through the air,
 And laughing bands of frolic fun.
 What then the good of all my pain?
 Ah, wait ye now and learn the truth:
 He knoweth best the joy of youth
 Who did in youth from joys abstain.
 When night comes and the stars are plain,
 And distant shine the angel wings,
 Hearing the seraph choir that sings,
 While happy laughter rings amain—

Think not thy trials were in vain;
Thy struggles o'er the muddy earth
Have taught thee best to know the worth
Of that thou mayest in time attain.

To-morrow, day will dawn again,
And 'neath another shining sun,
Knowing what thou hast lost and won,
A king of knowledge thou shalt reign

READING AND WRITING.

"Is thy heart sore?" asks Waloopi. "Then is the time to read; but if thou art of good spirit, write, that others may share thy blessings." Again he says: "He that wieldeth a pen when his soul is in pain, dealeth wounds he knows not where; but he, of an easy mind, who yet feedeth on the words of another, is a glutton and a destroyer of self. Beware of these two sins." Again, "When sorrowful I seek help; when glad, I give; this way only is wise."

Reading, writing and ciphering; these in our youth were the prime essentials of an average education, and even to-day a fair knowledge of these is the net result of much good schooling—and not unworthily so.

For, in them is caged the soul of civilisation. Nothing in all the thunder of modern industry nor in the strenuous strife of commerce so differentiates the path of our existence from that of the savage as does our power of stepping aside to consult with dead sages—of adding our word to the manuscript records of humanity—and of dealing with the inexhaustible logic of figures.

We have all learned these three simple arts—whether we have cultivated them to the best of their possibilities is doubtful—whether we have even escaped the domination of the mathematical one is a question that bears consideration. For this is a world of ciphering, and soon or late, the least practical of us are forced under the yoke of arithmetical facts.

The more reason then that we should not neglect the solace of our literary faculties, receptive and creative,

nor misapprehend their relative importance ; when our minds are ill at ease we turn to our books. One poet sings :—

“The flesh is sad, alas ; and all the books are read.” But his, if truly described, is an exceptional case and seldom to be duplicated.

Though the flesh be sad, often and again, the books, thank Heaven, are not all read, and whatever the doubt, the pain or trouble that oppresses, there is somewhere in your bookshelves or mine, matter that is consoling and helpful, if not entirely curative.

They are not all read, nor can they be so, even to those who are limited by circumstances to few volumes. Good books are self-multiplying as the life blood of the Hydra and not by one perusal, nor by many, are they to be exterminated. Read and re-read a work of worth, and still with another reading you find much that is new. Your mind expands to a wider capacity between lectures and with each absorption you taste and digest things that before were unheeded. The words are the same, but your insight is keener, your outlook has broadened, and you are nearer to the subject of the author's thoughts.

For the language of the writer, however clear, is a faulty and confusing medium of expression, and it is only after repeated trials and attempts, assisted by the illuminating help of other minds and other studies, that you can make him wholly yours ; and even then—you forget, and must commune again.

Read for help's sake when you are dull and crippled. But as the patient may acquire a too confiding fondness for the stimulant that bears him through his pains, so the reader may develop such reliance on the bracing words of strong men as may enervate his own character and dwarf the initiative of his spirit.

The old rule of Debit and Credit applies here as everywhere. What goes up must come down. What is received must be given out, or the engine is clogged and the machinery breaks down. The strength that is built up must be expended, whether the fuel be to the body or the brain, and the heart that is helped through trouble by the experience of others in the shape of literature, has developed new literature that should issue to the help of others and so further and further to an ever-widening circumference.

But the new word should issue with strength and in the full flush of convalescence, not from feebleness or pain.

Lafcadio Hearn quotes a Japanese saying, that "Literary composition is the best medicine for sorrow ;" but if the phenomena that gave rise to this were analysed it would be found that literature, if real, is rather a manifestation of the cure than a medicine, a birth of peace from the sorrow soothed by understanding. Otherwise it is not literature.

Doubt without confidence, pain without hope, tears without resignation, however artistically expressed, are the incomplete utterings of distressed minds, dangerous and unsatisfactory to the reader as an accidental explosion to the student of chemistry.

Whole-minded men have other matter to publish than whinings and complaint. Witness the great doctor who when his soul was troubled to the exclusion of helpful writings, devoted all his energies to the production of a dictionary, and witness also the equally great American philosopher who thought it no waste of time to collect and edit the crude gaffer wisdom of his country-side in the shape of "Poor Richard's Almanac."

Spend no time seeking novelty, but write the truth

that you have proved. And have no fears concerning
plagiarism—the cycle of the Phoenix is never ending.

Oh he was wise, and dull, and worse than wise
Who cried "of making books there is no end!"
Need we disdain whene'er in modern guise
We meet an old-time friend?

If that the joys we know were known of old,
And that our griefs were sobbed out long ago
Shall we not gather from those ashes cold,
The deathless embers' glow?

What words are worth the writing? If a song
Burst from the heart and stir the sluggish tongue
Shall we not sing, altho' the thoughts belong
To days no longer young?

The sun arose this morning—and the sky
Smiles on the world baptised in Heaven's dew.
The past is past, and to the wakening eye
To-day is always new.

THE FUTURE.

"BROKEN?" queries Waloopi. "Maimed? Bruised? So were thy great-grandparents. Are they the less great?" Again: "What is past is past, but the eventualities are to thy shaping." And elsewhere: "The future is always thine. See, then, that its gifts loom none the less largely than before, for thou thyself art the giver."

This is the great virtue of Hope, that through it the infinite future spreads to our view as our minds may direct. According to our handling, this precious boon may become a blessing of varied calibre, but never, I think, a curse.

Fantastic, reasonable, eager, doubtful, stern, placid or anxious, under whichever classification it may stand, so stands our fortune.

We dwell not in the present, for it is non-existent; nor in the past, for it has gone. The sum of our joy and sorrow is measured by our anticipations, and the quality of that is in our own hands. But Hope, like other blessings, becomes atrophied in time, if not nourished on proper foods. Chief of these—for Hope is a rugged virtue—is endeavor, without which one soon passes from Christianity to Mohammedanism, from hopefulness to fatalism, and thence to despair.

Health, bodily and mental sanity, is the best foundation for endeavor.

True, there are strong sinewed souls who rise above the handicap of physical imperfection; but, as a rule, those who are thus hampered sink in some degree to a state of

lethargy, and so, to the same extent, their hopefulness is vitiated.

Health and endeavor—good food and honest work—these are the fuel and the motor plant of our existence, and so our philosophy is simplified. After all, life and hope are alike as tweedledum and tweedledee—"Dum spiro spero"—which of these is the root of aspiration? So much for Hope.

Of course, there are two sides or more to every question, and viewed therefrom, opposing conclusions are arrived at. Probably they are right enough, too; it is the opposition of forces that makes for stability.

As to whether it is best to look backwards or forwards, you must judge yourselves. I have partially put one side of the case, and here is the other:—

OLDEN DAYS.

What are the sights that we love to see
From the darkened hall of memory?
Deaf to the noise of the swift to-day,
Blind to the path of the after-way,
We crouch in the dim-lit ante-room
Where the big hall stove beats back the gloom,
Where the oil-lamp hangs from a ceiling low,
Striving with feeble light to throw
A piercing gleam thro' the darkness deep,
Crowding its way down the staircase steep—
Silent and lonely the hall—and we;
What are the sights that we seem to see?
The walls are as glass to our inner sight,
And we gaze on the outer world to-night,
Where a long and dreary field of snow
Rouged with a tint of sunset glow,
Spreads to a cluster of wind-swept trees—

Poplar and maple and birch are these,
And their limbs are gaunt and their limbs are bare
To the biting strength of the winter air.
But stubborn still from the snow-wreathed banks
They rise in their firm, unbroken ranks,
As a windbreak tight to the little pond
That lies in the hollow just beyond.

The pond is frozen and smooth and black,
And the children are trooping down the track,
Fearful and hushed as they pass the shades
Of the ragged hedge of everglades,
But brave again as they leave the snow
For the hopeful ice, where they chatter low
Till wonderful skates with straps and screws
Are glued to the soles of brass-toed shoes
And tongues are loosed to the laughing peal
That chimes with the clang of ringing steel.
Off and away, then, with heart and soul,
On "Outside Edge" and "The Dutchman's Roll."

Oh, the stars may sink, the moon arise
And sail unmoved through the frozen skies.
The moon may set and the sun once more
Throw bars of light on the snow-banked shore.
The days, the weeks, and the months may pass
And years roll by with their freight, alas !
But day nor month nor year shall attain
The joys of the past nor bring again
A present bliss or a future hope
That ranks with the mind's kinetoscope
When we close our eyes and seem to see
The things that are wrapped in memory.

DOUBT.

"DOUBT," says Waloopi, "is the friction of truth against truth." And, again: "He who doubts, with him may I strive to some purpose, but to him who easily believes, of what use are my arguments?"

You who have new truths to expound, new discoveries to advertise, new facts to relate, thank heaven for the honest doubter. Into him, stubborn with the firmness of well-tried fibres of knowledge, you may, by hard effort and continuous pounding, wedge, insert, and finally engraft your demonstrations—to hold the stouter and to ring the truer for that resistance which now clasps and retains the conquering intruder.

"Wouldst hang thy hat on a peg?" asks Waloopi. "Drive it, then, in the oaken beam, not in the crumbling mortar." Also "Fair doubts break no fair truths."

We must thank the doubters for the science of logic which has confounded many knaves (but, alas! few lawyers).

This tale, translated from Waloopi, contains anachronisms, and is of doubtful authenticity.

• • • •

Al Hazan, the Caliph, was talking high politics with his vizier. "Let it be admitted," said he, "that *vox populi* and *vox dei* are synonymous, homogeneous, similar and concentric."

"True, O King," said the audience of one.

"Let us also admit the divine right of monarchs, the heaven-sent wisdom of princes, and the royal axiom that the King can do no wrong."

"Most undoubtedly," acquiesced his mental foil.

"Then," said the Prince, with sledge-hammer logic, "what the popular voice demands and the royal wisdom grants is and must of necessity be right, proper, and uniform."

"Yea," nodded the jackal, "these be wise words."

"For," pursued the monarch, "neither can *vox populi* ask unfittingly, being *vox dei*, nor can the King, incapable of wrong, wish to act otherwise than in accordance with that which is fit."

"Truly," chimed in the echoing one, "this is the very distillation of grey matter—let me listen and learn."

"Now," went on the royal dialectitian, twirling dexter and sinister thumbs in recurrent cycles of upper and lower culmination, "put case that John Doe and rabble make unanimous and hungry clamor for the foodstuffs that are daily thrown into our fish ponds, and that the King, heritor by divine right to the pike fishing, refuses to grant or recognise such demand. Therefore—"

"Yes," quoth the other, "of a verity——"

"Therefore—" said the Caliph.

"Therefore," acknowledged the understudy.

"Peace, fool," commanded the monarch, "this is no ping-pong tournament. Therefore—er—wherefore—er—where have we arrived at?"

"I fear," said the obsequious vizier. "Your Highness is up against the horns of a dilemma."

"Then get me off quickly," ordered Al Hazan. "Tis no dignified position for one of my rank."

"Alas!" moaned the officer, "there is no royal short cut through logic. If Your Highness' premisses and conclusions jump not well together, there must be flaws therein. Either thy infallibility is somewhat Pickwickian or the popular voice is out of key."

"What then to do?" asked the now dismayed Caliph.
"The mob has already robbed my fishes of two meals, and we must act quickly. If my logic be faulty, what shall be my guide?"

The vizier tapped himself modestly on the chest. "Send me with full authority to confer with the hungry ones. Methinks I may satisfy them at small cost to Your Highness."

"Nay, but this is kind of thee, vizier; art in earnest?"

"Earnest indeed to please my lord—and to appease the starving" (this with a cruel laugh).

"'Tis well," said the Caliph, feelingly, as he pressed a button, "thou art a good man, vizier—and fat. I am loath to lose thee, but thou hast offered—and they are indeed hungry."

"Shagrah"—(this to the Eunuch, who appeared suddenly with his armed assistants)—"take this meat offering and throw it among those of our pikes that have longest hungered."

And as the surprised vizier was borne away shrieking the Caliph laughed to himself, "Horns of a dilemma, forsooth."

Moral: 'Tis a fowl act that feeds no fish.

* * * *

Speaking of doubts and doubters, a young friend of mine who writes with a tuning fork sends me the following fragment. He says it is a true story, but I have my doubts:—

THE PASSING OF PAUL LEGAI.

Far to the north and far to the west,
Where the totem bears the tribal crest,
Proudly aloft—as the eagle's nest
Is borne on the steeping pine—

A stately pillar of granite grey
Telleth the stranger how passed away
The Indian chieftain, Paul Legai,
At the age of forty-nine.

Make keen inquiry and it appears
That out of his nine and forty years
Thirty were troubled with Pagan fears
And haughty with Pagan pride.
Tho' born a Pagan and Pagan bred,
Midst Pagans living and Pagan dead,
Of a Pagan tribe the Pagan head,
Legai a Christian died.

From Father Lemoine he learned the truth
With most of his tribe, altho', forsooth,
Thoughts from the heresies of his youth
Still puzzled his mind with doubt.
(Paul was a sailor ; for years a score
He had handled sheets and pulled an oar,
Piloting traders along the shore
Till his tide of years ran out.)

Now when it happened that Paul fell ill,
And saw his doom (as a siwash will)
Turning his eyes to the Burial Hill
Of his ancient Pagan clan,
He thought of Heaven—he thought of Hell ;
The first was good—but the other ? Well—
Better perhaps that his soul should dwell
Midst the ghosts of Tsimpsean.

But what if a watch of each were tried ?
Paul was a sailor, quick to decide ;
His soul he knew would go with the tide,
(And none stood by his bed),

Just to see if the billet were good
With Mother Church—if bad, he could
Fly quickly back in penitent mood
To sleep with his Father's dead.

Pond'ring he lay with his racking cough,
"Now, if four hours on and four hours off
Is good on earth, it is good enough
For the watch beyond as well."
So he prayed ('tis graven on the stone)
His body should die and lie alone
Eight hours, while his spirit sought the throne
Of the watch of Heav'n and Hell.

And then with a sudden gasping breath
He turned to his lonely tryst with Death
And learned the truth—so the story saith—
And went to the proper place.
His prayer, they say, was hearkened to,
Twice eight bells rang ere 'he people knew
That Paul was gone—and a troubled few
Gazed long on his tranquil face.

But what he had learned or seen or heard
Is more than I know, for not a word
He left behind as to what occurred
On his last and farthest scout.
Should you ever meet a siwash spook,
Ask, if you please, in your best Chinook,
The fate of Legai—what course he took,
And how did his choice pan out.

CONTENTMENT.

"To be empty-handed," says Walooi, "is not all a misfortune. Were your palms filled with corn, how could you throw rocks at the affluent?"

This, I think, is Sufistical—to be taken in a Pickwickian sense, for elsewhere he says:—

"Be not angry at your brother who fattens while you wane; perchance the women of the household mock him as to his girth. The girdle of a full stomach may cover a jilted heart."

Here the diagnosis is anatomically doubtful, but true in spirit.

Again, he tells us that—

"An Israelite making bricks for Thothmes, without straw or salary, was sent by his overseer with a bucket of clay to one Ramos, a notorious sculptor. This last being well fed and of good humour, pleased himself by displaying specimens of his moulding to him of the bricks, who in turn admired and envied the skill of his brother worker.

'Tell me,' he inquired, 'do these pot-hooks on the pedestal stand for your price or your name?'

'Neither, fool!' said the amused stone-chipper. "'Tis but the title. My price varies as the length of my patrons' purses, and my name is writ large in my work, as is that of every artist.'

'Then,' said the other, as he rubbed the raw material from his fingers and grasped his hod, 'I be a true artist, for my name is mud.'

A quick grasp of the situation makes king and serf equal."

• • • • •

A talent for spirited repartee is a great gift, and one seldom experienced, save in books.

Our happiest retorts are conceived in solitude and only sprung in public after many careful days and much coaxing of conversation.

"Loneliness and self-communion make for peace of mind," says Walooopi, "and contentious babbling is an irritation." I quoted this to a young acquaintance who daily fills my ear with clattering sound, but he would have none of it, and gave me a typewritten wail of ennui as follows :—

ON THE STIKINE.

Hark to the roaring blast
Wind-fed from funnelled passes,
Frozen by icy masses,
Shrieking and sweeping past,
Dead breath of vikings past,
Mocking the rigid river,
Making the mountains shiver,
Turning away at last
To creep so deep in the glacier's grim crevasses,
Laughing in blue cold waves where the icicles quiver.

Look to the grey drawn sky,
Where the mad cloud drifts, raging,
Scorn the dim sun's assuaging
And the storm fiend on high
Doth Heaven's light defy,

Vials of wrath outpouring
With a wild senile roaring
Harsh and hoarse the cry
That thrills and chills as tho' Nature herself were
 ageing,
Ageing to bloodless death—lonely, helpless, deploring.

And the tall, naked trees,
Fearful, fretful and groaning,
Ceaselessly make their moaning
With creaking, sapless knees,
Billow'd 'neath snowy seas,
Breaking and yet unbending
While the last dead leaves pending
Shudder at every breeze.
A ghostly host that joins in the forest's intoning,
Wailing a song of despair for the sad year's ending.

Seek—and no living thing
Moves on the scene before us
Save where there passes o'er us
He of the ebon wing,
Whose fatal pinions swing
In dismal rhythm plying,
With cadenced hoarseness crying
A chant of burying.
And lo! from snow-swirled chaos come voices in
 chorus,
“Woe to the last of the living—the world is dying.”

Isn't that frigid ?

And right here is where I take exception to the poetic
temperament. It is extreme or nothing. It waives all
idea of moderation and plunges straight to the bottom,
or flies direct to the top of whatever subject may be

for the moment under consideration. It has no penultimate. Suggest a retreat from society to one, and "I will take some savage woman," he cries; "she shall rear my dusky brood." To another, and straightway he dons the snowshoes. Solitude *à la Tabasco*, or solitude frappée—there is no medium. Omar knew better. "A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou beside me, singing in the wilderness." And having quoted a poet in my anti-poetical diatribe, I had better stop.

"When confuted by thine own argument," says Waloopee, "pause and reflect that truth runs ever in a circle."

“KNOW THYSELF.”

“To study one’s identity,” says Waloopi, is wisdom ; to attempt a solution, is madness.”

Elsewhere—“How shall I know myself?—who am a million selves, one for each moment—and how shall I not know myself when myself is all that I know?”

This is almost confusing, and here again doubt is the salvation of sanity.

If we knew better when to doubt, and when to affirm, our actions would run closer to our speech.

We insist too easily, we deny too readily, and our yes and no carries not the force of the Scriptural injunction: “Let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay!”

The way of the Quakers is not unwise. A slight divergence from the accepted mode of expression would bring our attention more directly to bear on the trend of our statements, and might guard us from an incautious use of the affirmative and negative.

I think it was Praed—Did you ever hear the story of the Boston girl, who, while visiting a Chicago friend with ambitions to be “literary,” and finding her somewhat despondent at the heaviness of her library, and the slowness of her progress through Emerson and others, asked, after a glance at the bookshelves, “Have you Praed?” “Yes,” admitted the other, with a blush; “I have often, but it doesn’t seem to do much good.”

Pardon the digression—I think it was Praed who wrote two amusing parallel essays, describing each the downfall of a promising young man—the one because he had not learned to say “No!” and the other on account of an

early acquired disinclination to give voice to a positive or acquiescent "Yes."

These tracts may be fairly appreciated in the trite terms of the art critic—"Clever, but not convincing."

For the inability to say "Yes" does not, as Praed indicates, lead to an indiscriminate use of "No."

The careless affirmer is the reckless denier, while he who is canny with his admissions is equally so in the wording of contradictions.

I love a fair amount of canniness, and were I not a Canuck, as Alexander might have said, I would be a Caledonian.

Argumentative, aggressive, and logical as the stone that grinds his native meal, he at least, as a whole, moves with a kindly force conformably to the laws of nature, and he alone of all peoples so intuitively recognises the oneness of all power that his mind refuses to grasp the petty verbal distinctions of "will" and "shall," by which the subtle Southron seeks to express a personal and an impersonal volition.

* * * *

A friend of mine tells me that he has written a little song, which he tried vainly to set to music; his mind being distracted from the necessary concentration on rhythm and metre by the never ending systole, diastole of a table tennis tournament in the next room.

It should be sung in a lonely key, with quavers :—

The pendant dewdrop, ere it fall,
One moment to the rosebud clinging,
Gives but a glance abroad, and all
The world is hers—the light rays bringing
Full colored, clear,

The trees, the birds, the sunny sky—
All things that move and please the eye,
In miniature you may descry,
Reflected from the tiny sphere.

A little shell cast on the shore,
Will whisper tales to ears discerning,
Of beaches where the breakers roar,
Of jagged cliffs the ocean spurning,
Of coral strands,
Of frozen islands, icy seas,
Of verdant atolls, where the breeze
Floats fragrant from the plumed trees,
O'er endless waves of silver sands.

The evanescent butterfly,
An instant poised, with wings unfolding,
Tho' born at dawn, at eve to die,
Displays to our enwrapt beholding,
The lusted glow
Of deep piled velvet, black as night,
Of crimson silk and ermine white,
Of cloth of gold and silver bright,
In greater wealth than kings can show.

Then if such little things we find,
Such beauties hold in bounteous measure.
What guerdon his, whose lady kind
Unlocks her bosom's chiefest treasure.
Ah pain divine—
When careless Chloe dances by
Elusive as the butterfly,
Her shell-like ear and dewy eye
She bends each way, alas, but mine.

"THE SEASONS' DIFFERENCE."

"THE vernal equinox," notes Walocpi; "storms, and a moon of folly."

And in a more expansive mood than usual he writes :
"It is April and the soil is tormented with much digging. The cultivators are wrapped in their toil and look to the weather. They see the coming of the year, they fill with hope and anxiety, and they fret exceedingly as to the sprouting of little green things.

"Let us be wiser, you and I.

"The tobacco that we smoke is of past autumns, and the future of our thoughts embraces all time. The wind is not ungentle to our faces; the sunshine is pleasant, and, if it rain, we have our shelters at hand. Let us be peaceful and serene.

"But ah, the brightness of the day is troublesome. There is a buzzing of new insects that we cannot clearly hear, and when we turn, yielding to the warmth of the sky, small clouds and wicked chase across the sun. We are reminded uneasily of the chill of Winter and we stir plaintively.

"The bud and the blossom and the green leaf have spread strange perfumes abroad, and the brown singer over all carols so fully of hope and life and joy, coming coming, coming, that our slack pulses throb with an unaccustomed anticipation of—what? We are but foolish, you and I."

Life has its youth, the year has its spring, and the day has its dawn; and the soul of man, bound in chains to his life blood, knows the transit of these periods and

sways to their influence as the ocean follows the moon in his phases.

Through the long summer we are strong and equitable, following without doubt our course, unworried as to whether it be spiral, circular or tangential. We pass through the haze of Autumn blessed with peace and satisfaction, heedless of attraction to or repulsion from the centre so far distant.

Hale winter finds us hearty in our ignorance of compelling power, and leaves us happy in our indifference, and then—the radial strain tightens, a thrill of conflict that is within and yet not of us, passes and repasses. Our speed is checked, our destination altered, and the whole sphere of things depolarised. It is the birth of Desire—the impulse of the wheel, and from this spreads a clutching of hands that are hungry in the darkness.

Emptiness and doubt and a great seeking, and afterwards findings of folly and of wisdom, and the where-withal to live.

For without desire we were without life, and whether we reject and reach past the worse for the better, or rashly grasp whatever comes to hand ; whether judgment blinded to favoritism be our guide, or mere blindness only, for good or bad we are transformers and transmitters of eternal force.

But whether the foregoing matter is illustrated or obscured by the following verses, is much more than I can say :—

ULYSSES.

Mast-bound before us, he
Frothed for the dipping shore
Deaf to the chorus, we
Bowed to the dripping oar.

Song of the sirens we heard not, and hardened our hearts
to their graces,
Laughed at the luring of limbs and the pleading of
passionate faces.

Loose lipped and languorous
Mocked they us shamefully,
Seeking to anger us,
Unto love blamefully.

He, only he at the mast knew the words of their song,
and the glistening
Dew as of death on his brow showed the price that he
paid for the listening.

Bold-eyed and languishing,
Flung they, pursuing us,
Love looks of anguishing
Fondlingly wooing us,
Dragging our strength to their strength, and enthralling
our sinews in slumber,
Woman to man we were mated, and equal, in thought
and in number.

Panting unsteadily,
Heedless, unreckoning,
Turned we more readily,
Yet to the beckoning
Arms as of ivory shining, and bosoms unbared to our
pleasure,
Feet as of flickering foam flakes that moved to melodious
measure.

Hot was the quivering air,
And the waves quieted.
But a great shivering there
Ran through us, rioted,

Trembled as trembled the beat of our hearts while we
gazed at the dancing,
Mad with the Tantalus sting of desire, and delirious
glancing.

Down arm and pulsing hand
Coursed the hot hammering
Past all repulsing, and
Guided by clamoring,
Broken the stroke of our rowing we halted, to loosen our
hearing,—
Suddenly saw we the far-away face of the lad who was
steering.

Striving and sorrowing,
Strong in virginity
As he were borrowing
Strength from divinity
Grasping our souls to his guiding, he wrested our minds
from the madness
Shamefaced we turned to our rowing to banish the blame
of his sadness.

Thus we drew past the isle
Haunted so eerily;
One at the mast the while
Drooped—But one cheerily
Burst into Ithacan song, and the breeze followed fast on
our voicing,
Filling the folds of the sail and inspiring us onward,
rejoicing.

ADVICE.

"THERE is no virtue in the giving of advice," says Waloopi. "If you listen to my urging, and act thereon, you have sacrificed that much of yourself, and the sum of things is lessened. Why, then, do I speak? For my own good, solely. The preacher preaches to himself, and to none other."

Elsewhere he remarks: "Better that the brain be empty than that it bear the weight of another's thoughts. The blank mind is at least virgin."

And here, as in the case of every full-sized truth, we can only admit the soundness of these aphorisms after having arrived at conclusions diametrically opposed to his. For every truth stated in terms of human logic is only half a truth, a semi-circular truth; and not until you have added another half-circle—diametrically opposite, the other side of the diameter—do you get a full swing of your radius and proceed by enlarging your circumference to absorb the universe.

So, without denying Waloopi's opening sentence, I make no apology for asking you to believe that there is no greater virtue than this same giving of advice. Giving the whole of your knowledge, the sum of your existence, the full benefit of all you have learned and discovered.

If giving at all be good, how better can we do than give our whole selves?

But Waloopi is right. The giving is to ourselves after all, and the more we give the more we are in debt. That which we give is entered on the debit side of our ledger of life.

It is a responsibility for all time, a liability to be ever met and never settled save by *contra* account.

Advice, like curses and chickens, comes home at twilight, hungry always, and seldom bringing the wage of a day's labor.

And yet we must advise, for the withholding of our knowledge is not only a crime against others, but a self-injury.

Wisdom thrives by expansion and strife, and an ingrowing intellect is a vicious and suicidal development.

Advise, then, that you may learn; and hearken to advice, that you may conquer it, and either way you will put to the proof that which you have learned.

Whatever you read or hear you must combat, and only by everlasting conflict can you hold by what you have known.

And if you go down in the *mêlée* you are not the loser, for he who falls fighting for the truth rises higher than those who keep their feet.

The moral of which (in a somewhat distorted form) is appended hereto by an unregenerate acquaintance who does *not* yme between whiles :—

SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

Whene'er across my vision flies
Regret, on sad, reproachful wings,
In that I am not over wise
In books and scientific things,
Nor have no college-built wit
To voice the little that I know,
I soothe my soul by telling it
The tale of Alphabetic Joe—
And if you'd like to hear them, I'll relate
The melancholy facts of Joey's fate.

We called him Joseph just because
Up at the mine he always wore
The hottest thing in --ackinaws—
Cinque-spotted, pied, and dipped in gore—
And Alphabetic, in that he
By rank and title *à la carte*
B. A. Sc., C. E., M. E.,
From other Joes was set apart.
A queer name for a tombstone? Yes indeed,
But of that same he never felt the need.

Hot-footed from his academe
He journeyed to the Iron Knob
Where, backed by nerve and self-esteem,
He touched the main guy for a job.
The main guy wilted at the show
Of sheepskins all in Latin writ,
He could not spell them out, and so
He gave young Alphabet a sit.
Fifty a month to exercise his skill
As sampler, sprouting expert, what you will.

He had the knowledge, right enough,
And energy to burn the air—
But what he had of bookish stuff
He seemed to lack in *savoir-faire*.
He knew the Greek and Latin name
For every tree that grew a limb,
But turn him loose among the same
And all trees looked alike to him.
The same with rocks—he couldn't tell at sight
A grindstone from a ton of anthracite.

Alas! poor Joe, he meant to do
Great things as mining engineer,

But long before his shift was through
Fate called him to another sphere.
He knew not, though his aim was high,
That he was doomed to penetrate
The secrets of the starry sky—
But let us not anticipate.
Rash, hopeful, ardent, this much tutored youth
Set forth to clinch the facts he'd learned as truth.

He sorely longed to put to test
Those fundamental formulæ
Which at his Alma Mater's breast
He'd sucked in with his A B C.
He sampled muck and ore alike,
And long analyses he'd make
Of vein gangue, country rock and dyke.
Assaying for the assay's sake
He tested all the workings on the hill
And came one day down to the diamond drill.

I had been boring all day long,
And when he ask me for some cores
To analyse,—I knew 'twas wrong,
But, I was very tired of bores
And he was one. He little knew
My guilefulness (it was not right).
I said, "Why, cert," and led him to
An open box of dynamite.
He took the lot, some five and twenty pound,
And left—I fled, to hide me underground.

Whether the furnace, or the flame
Of blowpipe, or the pestle's weight
Or he, or I, were most to blame,
Or one, or all, I hesitate

To say for sure—but something broke
The while I coyly hung aloof.
The assay office turned to smoke
And Joe went upward through the roof.
Alas for me! I did not see him go
Nor shouted, “*Ave atque vale!* Joe.”

But those who watched him from above
Described his zenith-mounting flight
As faster than a shooting star
That, passing, leaves a trail of light.
He crossed the pathway of the moon,
Swift his adastral course he flew,
And Neptune fell behind him soon,
While dim to telescopic view
He hurtled through the universe un
His heliocentric parallax was nil.

WORDS AND VOICES.

"ONE spake," says Waloopi, "and there were no hearers. Were the words therefore lost?"

Again, he says, "Spoken words are but vibrations, and written words a spoiling of parchment, but a sequence of thought lives 'or ever." And elsewhere: "Whoso wages war of extermination against the seed of a thistle, dooms himself to defeat, and the seedlings of a brain are greater than this."

The men are gone and their words are gone, and their thoughts are gone, to all appearance irretrievably, and we mourn for the lost brainwork of the past.

And even while we mourn, we comfort ourselves with nosegays from the flourishing gardens of literature through which we stroll, unthinking that these are but fresh incarnations of an imperishable seed.

Every flower from our gardens, every thought from our books is an unwritten plagiarism rooted in the past and seeding down the future. The mould of antiquity gives birth to our freshest buds, and our newspaper of to-day is a palimpsest of all time. Yet, though this be all true, we delight in the personality that attaches to the utterances of an author, and however comforting it may be to know that a true thought never dies, it is a melancholy reflection that we may not hear it from the voice that we should have best liked.

"Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you?
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems, and new!"

What though we have a world of good books that we find no time to read, we are all acquainted with the poignancy of regret that pertains to vanished writers. We want their thoughts—not their offspring, but their very selves.

So strongly has this yearning appealed to some of the more ingenious among us that we are often treated to more or less vivid presentations of what the lost ones might have said, under given conditions. And whether in the form of a *Phaedo*, a *Rejected Address to Drury Lane*, an *Ambrosial Night*, or a *Conversation as imagined by Landor*, these productions by proxy are almost always keenly interesting and delightful.

And perhaps the most fascinating of all are the real or imaginary conversations between historical or legendary characters whose personalities are firmly fixed in our minds.

Henry and Rosamond, Boswell and Johnson, Erasmus and Henry the Eighth, Mary of Scots and her Marys, Lamb and Coleridge, and a world of others, they walked and talked together, and something of their talk we know, but to how much more would we not listen?

To this list I am irreverently advised by a friend to add the Walrus and the Carpenter, who are supposed to have "talked of many things" from ships and sealing wax to

CABBAGES AND KINGS

When Machiavelli boldly undertook

His heavy task, some four score lustres since,

To tabulate and publish in a book

The arts and parts and duties of a prince,

Many a waning power his counsel took,

And from his wisdom gathered useful hints,

Concerning bowls and daggers and such tricks

As in those days were counted politicks.

But Machiavelli wore his well-earned bays,
Or laurels, or whatever else you please,
That marked the meed of multi-princely praise,
In times so very different from these.
His clues would but enthrall us in a maze
Of *culs de sac* lined with *cheveaux de frise*.
In fact, his system is so out of date
That Mac (like Milton)'s not much read of late.

Sadly I say "like Milton," for we know
That, as the other to his Princeling was,
So Milton to the common throng below
Made clearly understood the basic laws
Which ruled them, and which, honored, would bestow
The power of right to give their tyrants pause
With that loud chime that still through England
rings:

Princes are princes—but free men are kings.
The chime yet rings, but faintly, and the notes
Confusedly strike the listening ear, they seem
Drowned in the cry for party-ridden votes
From penny farthing platforms, and the scream
Of one who plucks at faint fraternal motes,
To ease his own ophthalmic weight of beam,
No longer free when free as savages—
What says the chime? Some rhyme of cabbages?

(I have a garden, in which once there grew
Beyond the roses and the mignonette,
Some parsley and a cabbage-head or two;
So thriftily they might be growing yet,
But self-conceit had turned their *têtes de choux*;
Each other called "Dear Charles" or "Frère Capet"
Till I beheaded them—to carry out
Their fond illusion. They made good *sauer kraut*.)

Yea, cabbages, as cabbages, are good
 As kingly kings. Methinks the poet raised
 Much brassic garden growth ere yet he stood
 On that high Martian mount wherefrom he phrased,
 In areopagiticaian mood,
 Those thunderous utterances that erased
 The royal dogma, that God-given power
 Inheres by birthright to the cauliflower.
 Spurning the hilltops with mercurial tread,
 Or rooted to the low sustaining earth,
 Angel or king or man—or cabbage head,
 Each stands alone as each, and claims his worth
 By self-won merit. Not the sleeping dead
 Can will their virtues to a later birth.
 When in the huckster's hands, of what avail
 The seeding catalogue of man or kail ?
 For soon or late we reach the market place
 Where naught for naught is given, and where all
 Our pride ancestral merely sets the pace
 Ourselves must more than equal, or we fall—
 Ourselves to praise or blame if that we grace
 Some festive salad-bowl—or on the wall
 “Weighed and found wanting” read—the sales-
 man shouts,
 “Choose, choose and buy—your choice of Brussels
 sprouts !”
 Not mine the pride that I am hothouse grown.
 Nor yours the stigma of a cheaper fare,
 These are but so much debt—we nothing own,
 No credit have save his who put us there
 And reared us to his profit; he alone
 Can say which growth has best repaid his care—
 King, cabbage, cauliflower or cabbage rose,
 Which is the best ? Ah well, the Gardener knows.

FOOD AND CHARACTER.

"SPEAK thy mind," says Waloopi, "that I may judge what thou hast eaten." And if it be garlic, say I, kindly use the telephone.

That the varying effects of different foods on one's thought and speech may have been sufficiently tabulated by Waloopi to make the study thereof an exact science is not impossible.

The qualifying action and reaction of digestion on soul development, and vice versa, has been noted by many amateur theorists.

Apart entirely from the curious control that alcohol obtains over the spiritual, mental and nervous systems, there appears to be some law of compensation whereby the conquered and masticated servants of our appetite become not only part and parcel but almost master of the situation.

But in what manner or in what degree is only vaguely speculative to most writers, some of whom have here and there gathered a specimen fact, stuck a pin through it, set it unlabelled in their cabinet, and passed on.

One of Elia's friends—Coleridge, perhaps—urged that only those who carried the fresh innocence of youth in their hearts could eat apple dumpling cheerfully. And regarding this dish we know that George IV., of pious memory but of virtue somewhat tarnished, took no joy in it save as a problem in solid dynamics—"How got the apple inside?"

But do not think that a love of sweets signifies goodness. Is *The Woman in White* quite forgotten? Or do

you remember the wonderful villain with the pet mice whose Napoleonic grasp of super-ethical strategy was only equalled in strength by his fondness for tarts and rich pastry ? Even Kipling, the strenuous and practical, has added to our data when he sings of

“ The five meal, meat fed men,
The tall, deep-chested women and the children
nine or ten.”

Two for each meal, evidently—and yet the vegetarians are not hereditarily childless.

The effects of meats are probably more varied and more striking than those of any other foods. All savage nations have had clear ideas as to the virtues to be derived from a lion's haunch, a bear's ribs, a snake's head and an enemy's heart or tongue—each conveying its own distinct powers to the absorbing feeder.

That the vegetable world is rich in influence we may judge from the action of those eccentric foodstuffs known as drugs. They are all drugs in a degree.

In a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century* I read some entertaining extracts by Miss E. A. King from a volume published in Paul's Churchyard at the Sygne of the Spread Eagle by William Turnoure, A.D. 1551, from which I borrow the following :—

“ Cucumbers ingender in the body a naughty juice ;
howbeit ye shall finde some that can digest them by
reason of a certain familiaritie that is between their
natures.”

And if the cucumber conforms to human nature in some of its good and evil, what wonder that a certain apple of Eden also contained “ naughty juice ” that worked bane on the ravisher. Rarest fruit of them all is the apple. Who could resist the temptation ? But to be enjoyed it must be eaten out of doors where the heat of

the sun, the sting of the wind, the wrapping freshness of the air and the cool moisture of the dew are all mated and complemented in the rosy skin, crisp meat and acid sweetness of *la pomme fameuse*.

My friend the poet (?) has left his P.P.C. for the season in the shape of a ballade on crude foodstuffs :—

BALLADE.

Tribute I yield to your demand,
O golden younger days of mine,
When all the produce of the land
Was food ambrosial and divine ;
When cold brook water ran as wine
Down throats unpledged to Bacchus' rite.
And nature bowed before the shrine
Of youth's devouring appetite.

When spring threw forth on every hand
Bud, leaf and blossom, flower and vine,
We youthful ones at our command
Found dishes piquant, fresh and fine.
Green sorrel, pickled as of brine,
Gave gastronomical delight,
And grateful was the dandelion
To youth's devouring appetite.

When riped the field of turnips, and
The tassell'd corn, autumnal sign ;
Raw cabbages were rated " grand."
Nor did our willing teeth decline
To crack the acorns where the swine
By strenuous search had brought to light
Some squirrels' hoard—a victuall'd mine
To youth's devouring appetite.

Envoi.

Prince, if your fortune be to dine
 A deux with some fair dame to-night,
Taste lightly, nor the loss repine,
 Of youth's devouring appetite.

FAME.

"FAME," says Waloopi, "is the tardy recognition of excellence by mediocrity." Again: "He who was twelve hours late in grasping the point of thy wit is the true builder of thy reputation among the people. Those who know, and love, possess thee in silence."

Fame is a chameleon, and often changes color to conform or to contrast with its rank-scented and mutable background, the great *vox populi*.

"The bubble, reputation," as Shakespeare calls it, is rightfully so characterised in so far as regards the variety of its pigmentation and its susceptibility to the directing influence of a breath—but it is none so easily exploded; in fact it is puncture-proof.

Once get your bubbles fairly filled and started (they break at the pipe's end sometimes) and I for one believe that they go on floating for all time. They glisten and shine with all the changing colors of a military parade, or deaden to the hue of a rifle bullet and the invisibility of khaki, but they never explode.

They bob this way and that through the turmoil of atmospheric currents, till you get mine and I get yours, and others win or lose without exchange. They are in the air and of the air, and they die not. Like that of the diamond, the value of fame is dependent on external conditions. The knowledge of self, the intuition of a friend, are, like wild flowers, born to blush unseen. Their worth is consistent and constant, unlike the undigged jewel that needs the skill of a lapidary to give it beauty and a market to give it price.

The price of fame is what it costs you, and its worth is what you can get for it.

But though you earn, you never own it. It is unentailed and non-bequeathable, taking its title from human breath, and thereby transferable.

I was moralising to old Mudhen Clark one day, and I put it to him this way :

"Fame is the echo of action."

"Well, some men acquire fame without doin' much. Look at Goliath," chuckled Clark.

"The acquisition of fame," I continued, "consists of the doing, being or suffering something out of ordinary. The conqueror and the crank are interviewed alike by the ruthless reporter."

"Not always," argued Clark. "I remember readin' of an ambitious old-timer who couldn't get himself in the papers satisfactorily, so he decided to perpetuate his name infamously and glide down the ages as a popular warnin'. So he went to board with a very aristocratic family—somewhere in Asia Minor it was—and ate 'em all up—yes, sir, raw. Well, you'll find the names and portraits of that family in Richard K. Fox's Book of Martyrs—Phoenician for Smith the name was—but as to name and personal appearance of the family mausoleum, history is silent. Fame is mighty uncertain."

All of which is corroborated to a certain extent by the following :—

BALLAD.

A trio of Anglo-Saxon youth
Went forth to the world's wide ends ;
'Tis sad to tell, but the simple truth,
They were booked by their loving friends.

For these Angles were classed "*non-Angeli*,"
And their guardians thought that across the sea,
By the hard-won gifts of adversity,
For the past they might make amends.

One of the three, I regret to say,
Was a bit of a Don Juan;
And one had frittered his coin away,
Going broke on an "also ran";
While a third had gathered some local fame
As a snapper of unconsidered game,
Where the weary keepers warded the same
From the raids of the poaching clan.

So off they went for their country's good
To the unwitting colonies;
And one rolled logs, where the endless wood
Was curtained from sight by the trees;
And one got a job on the grassy plains,
And one herded sheep through the drought and rains,
And all got jolly well slanged for their pains,
Earning kicks more than halfpennies.

If the cash is small, the credit's less
That is gained by the younger son
Who's spent the price of his pottage mess
And is not half cloy'd of his fun;
So the bad, bad lads grew badder still,
Living up to their names, as bad dogs will,
On prodigal diet of husks and swill,
Till their end you might read—and run.

For Smythe had perill'd his sinful life
Teaching Plato up-to-date
To a husky rancher's thoughtless wife
And a hand-logger's Siwash mate;

While Johnes was run from a prairie town
For "pulling" a race—and the poacher Browne
Was wanted for shooting his muttons down
At a highly improper rate.

Now, they all were likely enough to hang
Ere their debts to Nature were paid ;
But fortune was kind, and the war peals rang,
And the colonies sprang to aid,
And along with the first that volunteered
Smythe (as Smith) and Johnes (*yclept* Jones)
appeared,

And Browne (minus *e*) with a sprouting beard,
Took the shilling all undismayed.

The war went thus, and the war went so,
And the war went up and down,
And things might have seemed a trifle slow
To the lads from an English town,
But Smith wooed the vrows of Springbokfontein,
And horses to Jones were as food and wine ;
While Sharpshooter Brown on the outpost line
As a sniper gained great renown.

The war went so, and the war went thus,
Till it fell on a summer day
A conflict raged 'twixt the foe and us
That was more than a common fray.
We were hardly press'd for a day and a night,
But we fought till we saw the welcome sight
Of longed-for troops on our battered right
That were summoned from far away.

We had saved the day and captured a gun
And after the do~~g~~gers had fled
We found their leader, a wily one,
In a house neat, shamming dead.

'Twas the heart-thieving Smith who caught the thief,
'Twas hard-riding Jones who rode for relief,
'Twas sharp-shooting Brown brought the gun to grief
By filling its horses with lead.

Moral.

Smith, Jones and Brown got stripes and a cross
And some medals and lots of chink
And specials cabled the news across
To the country beyond the drink.
And the journals said : "'Tis a solemn cut!
The colonels put us to shame, forsooth!
And so will they do till we train our youth
To shoot and to ride and to think."

chief,

grief

JUDGMENT.

"We speak at length," asks Waloopi. "Ten words of truth will suffice." But not always did he confine himself to the legitimate standard. The following, from his writings, is sufficiently prolix :

I, too, have seen visions and dreamed dreams. Listeth Methought I stood alone one noon in Mecca, when the year had reached the time of summer solstice, and the sun, making its meridian passage, reached the full zenith with a glare of light and a scorching, roying glow that passed belief. Straightway the summit of th' ethereal dome the heat rays felt, and the sunbeams and smote the vasting earth about its base until the quivering air seemed as a day of deadly vapors.

I stood on the other side the white walls of the city, and gazed upon the blankness that to my mind foretold the utter desolation I shortly knew. For in the space of but a moment (as I thought) I wandered far, where the streets and stalls ran side by side with living things, where no people lived, and even yet I nothing saw but whiteness and heard but the keen silence of the melting sun. The straight alleys and the narrow streets, with their closings, close and high, at other hours at the hour of noon this gave some relief and shade, I passed or tried to pass and found no moving thing, no color and no life. And still the hour was noon.

It so happened that I drew at last to where the shrine of the Prophet, to the shrine we call Ka'ba, and to that whose brilliance, dimmed by tears of blood, smoulders deep beneath a blackened

crust of borrowed shame. And there was no one here—for none were left alive.

But as I looked, alone one came in snowy splendor that as far outshone the sun as it the moon. With motion forceful and yet full of grace, as swims the stately swan across the lake, or as the kite swift soaring through the air, he, striding, swept light-footed down the mosque and paused before the ruby. There he wept. And now the tears, which once had dulled the surface of the stone, washed all away the records of the past, and, wave by wave, as when the breaking of a glorious dawn drives back the dying night and spreads the lightening sky with colors of the rainbow, so the gem burst forth to light and life, and filled the halls with radiance. And he, the angel, with the precious stone clasped in his hands, passed up the aisles and to the outer air, I following.

Fearful I followed, for a stolen glance at his unchanging face had called me forth to judgment. It was a face of judgment, kind, yet awful. High was the brow that arched his mighty head, and marked with lines that told of endless watching and of pain.

No sorrow sat thereon, nor in the eyes that pierced so keenly where they glanced—no, naught was there but knowledge, truth and love.

His lips were closed, as though the time to speak had not yet come, and all his features, firm and sternly set, bore promise of an all-embracing smile of kind forgiveness.

So step by step we left the walls a little space behind, and in an open place he halted. I the same—and still the hour was noon.

Beneath my feet my shadow crouched a shapeless horror, and above, the air was hotter than before; but he that led me bore no stress of heat nor threw a shade

upon the staring ground. Toward the centre of the sky he raised the stone of tears, and then—wide from the blazing sun, itself dispersed, the curved sky tore apart in four huge segments, curled and disappeared below the far horizon, as a scroll of parchment, spread and loosed, rolls quickly up and vanishes within itself.

And thus revealed I saw a mighty depth whose apex, far withdrawn beyond the grasping of a finite mind, shone fair and beautiful as words cannot describe nor memory hold. What form it had, or whether it was rather place than form, or more of state than place, I cannot tell, although I saw and knew, and trembled not alone with fear.

Toward it (whatsoever it was) there flew in ever-nearing bands a countless multitude, and these I knew for all the human souls that ever lived and suffered.

And then the angel made a sign and spoke, low-voiced, as to himself. "Judgment is past, and now is granted mercy. All are judged." Then he turned and saw me, and he asked: "Wast thou not judged?" I answered nothing, and he smiled and said, "There is no judgment now; go, if thou wilt, with these to endless mercy." But I crept, all fearful, to his feet, and begged: "Give me another year to live, that I may come to judgment; all the world is judged and mercy given, but I do not dare to flaunt my sins uncensured in the face of thy great kindness. Myself would be the judge, harsh and relentless for all time to come." So he let me go, and vanished, and my soul fell back into the waking world.

* * * *

So much for dreams. A young friend of mine, who oft frequents the stables of Pegasus, has produced a rhyme that "gars me think." He has also mounted a

nightmare instead of the heavenly steed. It runs (or bucks) as follows :—

THE COMBAT.

'Twas sunset past—the rising moon, full-faced,
With earth and solar orb together traced
In syzygy their high-coursed heavenly way.
Westward the one, eastward the other hied,
While straight between as umpire, balance, guide,
Hung the huge ball of non-combattant clay.

We three thereon stood likewise, I unmoved,
As daysman, while the others, yet unproved,
Which greater, which the less, on either hand
With tried Toledo and with stout spadroon
Their hot veins heedless of the chilly moon
With “Sa-sa-sa” came circling o’er the sand.

Slash with the broadsword—ha!—the steel comes down,
And one swift stroke has well-nigh cleft the crown
Of him, the lighter of the two, whose spring
Aside has saved him for another day
(Or hour, or moment) and the rapier’s play
Comes back with dazzling flash and fatal sting.

No touch!—a cunning guard i’ faith, no touch—
Tho’ heavy-footed yet his wit is such
As one had scarcely looked for in a brain
Heated with rage and crapulous with drink.
Now sword grinds sword as each the yawning brink
Of death escapes—a pause, then to’t again.

Thrust, foil and counter-thrust, and now the fight
Is hotter, and their work hath brought to light
On each, dull spreading spots—the wine of strife.

(or
Each sword, each bosom now with gory stains
Is marked, and down their garments slowly drains
The grumous ullage of an ebbing life.

The stronger, desperate, urges on the fray,
With tenuous grip, his hand in easy sway.

He swings unchecked, and forward forces still.
Yet as he smites, behold, his prey has gone ;
With his Toledo, t'other toles him on
And shows, tho' hotly prest, evasive skill.

Bayed at the last by that low-lapping line
Where moans the sea, his heel that touched the brine
He backward throws, and falls, with upheaved thrust.
The stroke of Jarnac through the other thirls
Till spirting forth in horrid spiry swirls,
The red blood stains the tide and soaks the dust.

But—even at the eclipsing of his fate
The dying victim conquers—tho' too late
Himself to save, vengeful he hoards his breath—
Gasping his last, he sudden smites his foe,
Who wareless stands, with keen subreptive blow
That cuts him down from triumph unto death.

• • • • •
Frozen I stood alone in that fell place
While the soft shedding moonbeams o'er each face
Threw startling light on what I fain would hide,
So cold, so fixed their gaze—the mocking dead—
That fear came on me—up the sands I sped,
Leaving the burial to the swelling tide.
• • • • •

LIFE AND FREEDOM.

"HUNGER, appetite, enjoyment and memory," Waloopi has written. "These are the whole story of man. The second and third are transitory, the first is the living seed, and the fourth is the fructification thereof for all time."

Again: "How long hast thou lived? Count me not the years since thy birth, but thy days of desire. As they have been, so art thou."

The hard knocks, the long day's work, the cold, heat, trouble and pain that fall to our lot—how difficult they are to sustain with equanimity, to overcome with confident courage. All evil they seem to us at the time; and yet in after days they are in themselves nothing.

Of our past life only the memories remain, and when the remembrance of our hunger, our desire, our motive foreffort, bears pleasurable reflection, then all the incidents that crowded our path from anticipation to realisation are marshalled into line as parts of a pleasant whole.

What of those who, striving virtuously, have reached not realisation, but disappointment? Even with these, if they be still morally healthy, the memory of events arising from a right line of action must be of good comfort. Have they reached disappointment? But the end is not yet. Let them fight on; realisation will come, and to-day's sorrows shall be added to the joys we know.

I think it was Socrates who said, "No harm can befall a good man, whether he be alive or dead."

This is absolutely true; I know it from experience, but I sometimes feel a conviction of sin stealing over me when I go to a dentist.

Even an archbishop has doubts when he comes to part with a six-pronged molar.

Perhaps the pang of separation is the first joy of freedom.

"What is freedom?" asks Waloopi, and tells the following:—

Now when the feast was at an end, the Caliph El Shagah called for music, and there entered with instruments seven dancers, very beautiful to look upon. And when they had danced after the manner of the country, came forth a very houri of Paradise, golden-haired, of a blue eye and waxen skin, and she, swaying softly, crossed the chamber to her lord's feet, and there kneeling, sang to the gentle echo of her lute strings. And her song was the cry of a slave for freedom. Her voice was as of one who suffered in chains. Now the heart of El Shagah was warmed to this one, but he was just and very merciful. So he spoke only to Kudok, his chamberlain, saying, "Give her freedom this night," and he looked no more on the dancers, but retired in solitude.

The Caliph rose with the sun flush of morning, and walked in his gardens. Sweet was the scent of the summer flowers, and sweet the odor of the damp earth that crushed to his footfall. The green hedges sparkled with fire-flashing dew-drops that shone as jewels till caught by the rays of warm daylight and drawn upward, mistily. All was loveliness and peace, and the birds sang with a million tongues.

But lo! there came the voice of one crying and moaning; and, crouched beneath the shelter of a rhododendron, the Caliph saw the slave to whom he had granted freedom. And he called to her: "Why weepest thou? Art thou not free?" and she answered: "I have been

free—and hungry, the long night through—and it was cold and dark.”

“Hadst thou no home,” cried El Shagah, “that thou didst plead for liberty?”

“Nay,” she said, “when thou boughtest me for a piece of silver, my people went afar, I know not where—nor care.”

“Not one, but fifty pieces was thy price, and that in gold,” said the Caliph, “and the sum was unworthy of thy beauty; yet I gave thee freedom, that thou mightst find thy lover who awaits thee.”

“None wait for me,” she sighed. “I am all alone.”

“Look,” he said, “the city is thronged with worthy men who would delight in thy loveliness. Thou art free. Go forth and win to thyself home, love, and happiness.”

“Alas!” she murmured, “I have been a slave, and the mark of my fetters still clings. See!” and she thrust forth an arm of snow, “the bruises on my wrist?”

“Nay, but,” said El Shagah, taking the tiny hand in his and gently touching the faint red bars that lay blushing across the white skin, “these are but the marks of golden bracelets that I gave thee for adornment; were they hard to wear?”

“Bracelets thou gavest me!” she retorted, “they were gyves and bonds of livery. Wears not Alureh the same, and Saka, and the other slaves? Who put them on my arms? ’Twas Kudok. You saw them not, nor admired, nor—but I am free; let me go.”

Then the Caliph laughed softly and said: “Free no longer; thou shalt be a slave again and wear my fetters,” and, plucking a tall lily, he knotted the stem about and about her wrist.

“Come,” he said, and she walked with him, and wept not.

The greatest freedom is that of choosing thy bonds.

• • • • •

The young person who carries a rhyming dictionary in his vest pocket has been abusing me for dwelling too long on the Middle Ages. I am inclined to doubt the fertility of the Twentieth Century as a field for romance, but he insists that 1902 is just as good a date as any that ever happened, and more to the point.

In proof of which (I don't see that it has anything to do with the question) he sends me—

THE PROSPECTOR'S GRAIL.

Thro' tangled mazes of a wood unknown,
Where visions rioted, and where supreme
My mocking Princess graced her hidden throne,
I heard and followed voices in a dream.

A distant song—a murmur on the breeze,
A laugh, a cry of joy, a wail of pain,
Drowned in the rustle of the swaying trees,
My anguished ear but grasp'd to lose again.

Where the pillar'd aisles of pine
Flung their dome across the sky ;
Where the fragrant currant vine,
Swung the censer shoulder high.
Where the crosier'd bracken bent
O'er the windings of my way,
Massed in sweet entanglement,
Touching me with holy spray,
Where the hemlock and the yew
Formed a living chancel screen ;
Where beneath each arbor'd pew
Mosses spread their carpet green ;

Where the cedar's drooping bough
Caught and meshed the eager light.
In fulfilment of my vow,
Wandered I from dawn to night.

O'er trails untracked by foot of man save mine
I reckless rambled far in mundane mood,
Nor saw nor heeded yet, the form divine
That strode beside me in my solitude.

Blind for a day, I thought the way a waste,
A wilderness that checked me in my search,
Till evening fell and soothed my foolish haste,
And lo ! I lingered as in holy church.

When the portals of the day
Closed upon the ruddy west,
When at last the noisy jay
Sought the silence of a nest ;
When the chiding squirrel fled
To his sacred hollow tree,
And the darkness overhead
Close and closer crept to me ;
When the stillness of the night
Heard alone the mournful owl
Or the swift vibrating flight
Of belated waterfowl,
By the homeside of my fire
Came a message to my ear :
" Seekest thou thy heart's desire ?
Hurry not, for peace is here."

REFLECTIONS

THE ECONOMIC MAN.

JOHN ROCKEFELLER, junior, has been busying himself of late in a spirited defence of the moral and business character of one Joseph, deceased, who boarded with the Potiphars in Egypt.

There is something suspicious about this. It may be gratifying to the descendants of that particular branch of the family of Israel, to learn at this tardy hour that their ancestors' corn traffic was entirely benevolent and beyond criticism ; but it is questionable whether young John's interest in the matter is not tinged with a laudable desire to plant and promote a friendly spirit in the bosom of the general public toward the strong arm system in general, and John 1st and 2nd in particular.

As a rule the large operators say nothing when their methods are publicly attacked.

A campaign of silence is hard to overcome in the long run, and the wise burglar knows that anything he says may be used in evidence against him.

In this particular, J. Ogden Armour stands out as the only captain of industry who has met complaining criticism openly in the press.

His "Packers' Defence" series in the *Saturday Evening Post* has been good, snappy reading, and a great object lesson in "points of view."

The difference of view point may be allowed for and partly compensated by the application of ordinary rules of perspective, but Mr. Armour's writings indicate a certain obliquity of vision, or at least a personal equation

that stands very aggressively between the proper understandings of multi-millionaires and—mere men.

As, for instance, after sorrowfully showing us the threatening letters of a secret vigilance committee which has sentenced him to death in this world, and of a Presbyterian divine who warns him of hell fire in the next, he mercifully excuses his rabid correspondents with the explanation that all men are naturally antagonistic to those from whom they purchase the necessities of life, and that the dislike which comes of a forced obligation to purchase food, has developed in our minds a personal enmity and suspicion that has been easily fanned into hatred by the recent "yellow magazine" articles.

Could such a fallacious proposition be laid down by any one but a millionaire? It is doubtful.

For the exact contrary of Mr. Armour's philosophy is the truth of human nature.

The average man has no grudge against the producers or the purveyors of his daily food—as long as they deal half way right, with him.

We have more than a sneaking fondness for the farmer—a national and civic pride in our millers and marketers.

We think well of our milkman, swear by our grocer, and trust the butcher who trusts us.

And what sane man grudges for a moment the coin that goes over the baker's counter or into the shoemaker's till?

It is an honest pleasure to most men to meet their trades bills promptly or to pay spot cash for good material and honest measure; and Mr. Armour's naive assumption that one necessarily hates the vendor of such things as one is forced to buy, classifies him unmistakably as a money worshipper.

To a confirmed millionaire there is no greater evil than an obligation to purchase, and the consummation of such a transaction usually results in more than a passive hatred between buyer and seller.

This antagonism Mr. Armour has assumed to be a social economic law of trade, not recognising it as the money mania of misers, and with this to explain America's distrust of the so-called Beef Trust, he goes on to expound a few of the benefits that the world derives from the thrift, energy and concentration of the associated packers.

He does this well and entertainingly, for the ramifications of such a huge business are full of interest to a spectator, and Mr. Armour makes a good showman.

But through it all he shows himself freely and unaffectedly a perfect specimen of Stuart Mill's economic man, with a buying hand on the cheapest market, a selling hand on the dearest, and a cash register for a soul. Typical of all trade, perhaps, but here grown to a boa constrictor of dangerous size and of greater girth than enough to fill the eye of a darning needle.

Poor old Armour, nobody loves you. But, "Cheer up," as Smith used to sing, "you'll be forgotten by-and-bye!"

CONSIDER THE

Sourdough Smith in a cabin living, not entirely for his health,

For somewhere up in the country rock he held a mining claim,

'Twas called the Queen of Sheba, as a synonym of wealth,

But Mrs. Cassie Chadwick would have been a better name.

Ah, yes, it would have been a better name!

'Twas rotten—but he loved it just the same!

"Cheer up," he used to murmur, when the pork and
beans came high,

"Cheer up, we'll make a dicker, by-and-bye."

It assayed half a trace of gold and its walls were unde-
fined,

The gangue was schist and the ore was punk, and the
prospects less than nil ;

Its profits swayed entirely with the movements of the
mind,

And common people styled it "Good old Gabbro on
the Hill."

'Twas diabase and diorite, all right !

With not a speck of mineral in sight !

But Sourdough Smith made answer when you gave his
song the lie—

"Cheer up, we'll find a sucker, by-and-bye !"

He held on tight for a score of years and never knew a
doubt,

For his faith in human nature was impervious to shock,
And he lived convinced that capital would one day seek
him out

To pay a bunch of millions for his good Macadam rock.

His confidence was open as the day,

And plenty big to move the hills away !

"Cheer up," he often whispered when the tinned milk
cow went dry,

"Cheer up, we'll touch the lucre, by-and-bye !"

I left his camp October last, his beard was thin and long,
His tale of years was past all count and his sands were
running low,

His back was bowed with assessment work, but still his
cheerful song

He piped around the fireplace as he mixed his batch of
dough—

“Cheer up!” he sang. “Them rainy days forget!
When the frost sets in, it ain’t most always wet!
And when you gets dead hungry, it’s a sign that grub
time’s nigh!
Cheer up, we’ll make a killing, by-and-bye!”

OF ALIENS.

Did you hear about poor Pong ?

Pong is a Chinaman with a love for nature.

He walked across the bridge at Niagara to compare the Canadian view of Goat Island with the American, and now he is wedged tightly between the horns of a red tape dilemma.

The American authorities will not allow him to return to Uncle Sam, whose land he left of his own volition and without clearance papers. Canada holds him in escrow for five hundred dollars spot cash, which is four nine nine point seventy more than his available cash assets.

They are playing International Ping Pong over the boundary line with the poor stranger, and there is a deadly yellow peril that he may end up in the whirlpool.

It's a dreadful thing to be a double-barrelled foreigner.

The case of Pong reminds one of Guibord, who, owing to some doubt as to whether or no he belonged to the church of his nativity, spent some twenty years in wandering from cemetery to cemetery about the Island of Montreal before he came to a final rest with five tons of cement above him and an armed guard around that.

One fears that the province of Quebec has retrograded in orthodoxy since those happy days of religious conviction.

We read of Rimouski's municipal attempt to tax the bishop's palace, with a shiver of amazement.

• • • •

I have been asked by a North British friend to trans-

late a recently discovered poem supposed to have been written by Sennachie nau Oig, the uncle of Ossian.

Unfortunately I have no Gaelic but with the help of a fair knowledge of Tsimpsean I have made out the following :—

YNISCORRIE.

There came three fair maidens from far Yniscorrie,
White palfreys beneath them, the blue lift above.

What seek they in Embro ? Of fortune or foray
Red-handedly won from the fell field of Love ?

Nay, now, all is tranquil in far Yniscorrie,
Where long the herd lassies have wandered unscathed,
Where shepherds untempted of war's glamored glory
Unarmed in the waters of Berrin have bathed.

No slogan hath sounded from far Yniscorrie,
Nor forth from her halls hath a challenge outflung,
To match her fair maidens for heart's dule or dowry,
In Love's list of beauty, wit, grace and soft tongue.

They come, so they tell us, from far Yniscorrie
To Embro on pilgrimage straitly defined,
As guests not of war, nor of Amor's sweet story,
But seeking the gifts of Minerva enshrined.

Ah ! wise are the maidens from far Yniscorrie
To close their mild eyes 'gainst the glitter and glare
Of hunters bold-fronted who seek for their quarry
Such does of the heather as these to ensnare.

• • • • •

But, oh ! 'tis a long cry to far Yniscorrie,
The moon has but waned, and one lassie is wed
To Donal, the chieftain of Knock o' Brae Moray,
Whose plea to the heart hath o'ertempted the head.

And, oh ! the false maidens of far Yniscorrie—
The new moon at setting has seen in full flight
The second sweet student away with Red Rory
To marry at Leith in the small of the night.

The last of these lassocks of far Yniscorrie
Took a lad to her heart, being left all alone,
You scarcely could blame her, and yet one is sorry,
They all lived so happy that moral there's none.

OF DREAMS.

. Fog and dust and smoke has its glamor as well as the green grass, and sometimes—they run thus in our visions :

I dreamed of a den in London Town,
Where the tread of a million feet
Roared by in billows that could not drown
The throb of my pulse's beat.

I dreamed of a room so dark and small
High hung as a tree-top nest,
Where the soul might study the world and all,
While the laggard limbs took rest.

(I turned in my sleep, and awoke to see
The stars pass over my head,
They laughed thro' the limbs that warded me,
And the spruce boughs were my bed.)

In forest or in town it is, as a rule, the other place that attracts—and the magnetic pole of our desires is generally at the antipodes.

Talking of dreams. There is an interesting chat by the editor in last month's *Harper's* on the subject of dream composition or inspiration. I quote from him the text for the rhyme following, which will only be of interest to readers of Coleridge :—

“Coleridge forgot at least three-fourths of the poem (Kubla Khan) as it lay in his dream, having transcribed only fifty-four lines, being at that point suddenly called out by a gentleman from Porlock on business.”—Editor's Drawer, *Harper's Monthly*.

The poet's pen ran speedily,
And smoothly as a pen might run,
Ne'er once there went a word aglee,
Nor e'er sought he a better one.
Alas ! why not the door lock, pray ?
Ere fifty lines thou can'st begin,
A gentleman from Porlock way
Comes Porlocking and puffing in.

What witchery or warlock work
Was this that brought him here to prate
Of Porlock rates or Porlock pork
To genius in its frenzied state ?
Throughout all England's sleepy shires,
Could he not listeners find enough,
Of beef-fed Baronets and Squires,
To hark and talk and pant and puff ?

Oh ! interrupting grampus ghost
Of Porlock town, who hast no name,
Hast thou yet learned who was thy host ?
And does, at times, the flush of shame
Mount to thy brow, when midst the throng
Trans-stygian thou meet'st his shade,
And think—'twas thou who broke'st the song
Sung by that Abyssinian maid ?

Too late—tho' blushes o'er thy face
Each day from chin to forelock ran,
Thou could'st not cleanse thy tongue's disgrace,
Oh, paltry, piffling Porlock man !
The "sunless sea" of sacred Alph,
The river clefts of Abora,
Were scarcely deep enough by half
To save thee from the avenger's law.

• • • •

The gods forgave him long ago—
That pestilential Porlock man—
And so did S. T. C., I know,
But you, nor I, nor Kubla Khan.
Hence our anathemas are hurled
From these far wilds of Canada,
'Gainst him who robbed a list'ning world
Of Dreamland's Tale of Xanada.

OF HOPE AND FAITH.

"I WANT you to read my Magazine.

It is free.

It is called *The Money Maker*.

It shows you how to invest your savings

To your advantage,

To my advantage,

To our advantage.

Invest one dollar a week with me and you are my partner.

My partners drew 17 per cent. dividends last year. Invest in the bonds I recommend, guaranteed by you and me.

Invest in my saleable securities. I get a profit and you get your share as partner.

And so we grow rich.

Earn all you can. Work harder.

Save all you can. Stand your wife off, and the grocer.

Send your savings to me. I will watch them."

I suppose you have seen something like the above, once in a great while, in your favorite magazine perhaps, next to pure reading matter and close up to the automobile pictures.

Some day, in the dim and dusty future when you and I are gone and our ways forgotten, probing antiquarians shall study some such printings in the depths of their libraries to be, and shall puzzle their poor brains sadly to determine its hidden meaning.

"The year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and six," one will muse. "British-American, evidently, and prior

to the coalition of kings and coal kings—a public benefactor of that early period. Who could it have been? George Brooker Washington who slew the last American Wolf on the Plains of Abraham Lincoln with his little hatchet? Nay, he was negro—and this pictured philanthropist was obviously a whitey yellow of the pure American type from New York or Jerusalem. Perhaps twas St. Andrew of Skibo, the latter-day Demosthenes, of so sweet a tongue that his daily mouthful of Scotch pebbles turned into Cairngorms of great value ere he spat them out. Think you 'twas he?"

"Nay, brother," answers the other, "yon Andrew gave money, 'tis true, and books, and rare medals to the heroes who read through all his writings without flinch or scunner, but the secret of making money he kept, lest he die poor and so disgraced. Whereas, this Johnny of the open countenance, look you, crieth for men that he may tell them how to breed dollars. To their own undoing perchance, for these dollars of yore were kittle and uncertain to breed from as I have read, fecund as rabbits in the hands of one, and with another, given over to race suicide and like unto mules in the matter of progeny.

"It doubts me if this ancient advertiser were philanthropist at all! More like he were one of the systematics who dwelt in skyscrapers in those days and served God and Mammon with a swift undercut serve that were hard to take on the rebound. John the Billionaire Baptist perhaps, or Equitable Ryan, whose right hand blushed when he gave millions with his left. Or even Sir James Morgan, the Buccaneer, who took toll of all things and had ever twelve Bishops in his tail."

"Nay," says the first antiquarian, "you mistake there. That was a later Morgan who trafficked with

Bishops and stole the Pope's cop — or copped the Pope's stole."

"Very like, very like, but they were cousins, and this advertiser one of the family methinks. Eh, twas a rough reiving trade in those days, that of teaching to make money."

"Why, brother, I think it that then as now, man tilled the fertile fields and God gave the increase?"

"Aye, but the Devil distributed the dividends."

They are rather hard, these mythical men of the future, on an energetic and probably conscientious hustler, who has built up a large business by skill, labor and a fair amount of publicity.

We have nothing against him or others like him, but to those who are tempted to send their dollars abroad for breeding purposes we would say, "Stay secure in your savings bank at four per cent., or better still, take a chance at developing your own country."

And don't say that you were not warned. And on the other hand, don't get pessimistic.

If hope is inclined to spring eternally, give it a fair chance to thrive, with occasional pruning:—

GREEN FIELDS.

In the upland of the heavens,
When the sun has gone to rest,
There's a great and golden glory in the sky,
And behind the purple pillows
That are piling in the west
There's a promise of a something by and by.

There's a land out o'er the mountains
And a shore across the lake
That are hidden by the distance from our view,

There's a country we shall visit
And a journey we shall take
In the future, when our happy dreams come true.

There's a world of realms unconquered
On the out-rims of the sea,
There are scores of pleasant islands strewn abroad ;
There's a northwest passage waiting us,
Wherever it may be,
And a kingdom on the other side of Nod.

There's a calm behind the north wind,
And beyond the cape, a bay,
There's a half sphere of the moon we've never seen,
So we'll go a-sailing, sailing,
On some sunny summer's day,
To the far-off land where all the fields are green.

There's a song beyond our singing,
There's a truth beyond our ken,
And away behind the curtains of despair
There's a big Beyond awaiting
All the hopeful sons of men
Who have listened to the message in the air.



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OF INSURANCE.

GROVER CLEVELAND, writing in *Harper's Magazine* on The Integrity of American Character, and speaking in particular of the life insurance companies, says: "Searching investigation and hints of legal persuasion have already resulted in the restitution of large sums rightfully belonging to one of these companies, and nearly all who were directors at the time the misfeasance occurred have been summoned into court to give an account of their stewardship." Which is very gratifying and carefully worded withal.

Mr. Cleveland, as everyone knows, is one of the new trustees empowered to handle and vote the few shares of Equitable stock purchased recently by Thomas Ryan from James Hyde for the sum of two and a half million dollars or thereabouts. There is no doubt in Mr. Cleveland's mind, nor in the minds of many, that the new trustees are honest, intelligent men, as unlikely to waste trust funds as they are to be deceived into rash investments by their less honest friends.

Although he says himself, "No member of the family of mankind is free from the besetment of alluring temptations," we may safely absolve his character from the weakness that yields, and may confidently credit his future actions with irreproachable honesty of purpose.

But we who are compelled to carry life insurance are not made altogether happy even with this confidence.

We have learned too much in the last year, and we know that in the future, as in the past, the fixed charges

for straight insurance will be excessive and our profits on accumulated investment will be uncertain.

More offensive to the average man, however, is the knowledge that his small annual savings will continue (however honestly invested) to add to the aggrandising power of some man or group of men who have no moral right to profit at our cost.

For no possible reason could Ryan have paid millions for stock earning a few thousands in dividends, other than the privilege of being able to direct the investments of the company.

It is not necessary to assume that such investments should be in any way dishonest. The Ryan railroad, shipping, tramway, and industrial companies will from time to time issue four per cent. bonds of as good value as the world contains, but the practical knowledge that so many millions annually stand ready to his call will give him an immense advantage over those railroad builders who, with equally good roads to mortgage, are forced to a more open market in their search for money.

No sane man believes that even Grover Cleveland would invest the Equitable funds without at least a consultation with Mr. Ryan, and that he and his fellow trustees should make purchases that would assist Ryan's competitors is not at all likely.

Honestly, there is no reason that they should do other than continue to make good safe investments that will add to the profit of policy holders and to the glory of Ryan. As trustees they can follow no better or wiser plan.

What is here to vex the insuring public? Merely this, that our enforced savings, the result of a religiously strong sense of public and private duty, should in no way be made the lever of any man's fortune building.

Waiving the question of whether we pay overmuch for what we get, and admitting the practically absolute security of the face value of our policies, we know that we ourselves should be the full beneficiaries of our accumulations.

The only truly equitable insurance of the 20th century will be carried on by the State, wherein all endowment funds will automatically purchase government bonds, and where the actual cost of insurance will be greatly reduced to the purchaser.

This is true of Canada as well as of America. We have had no investigation here and probably we need none, but there is no doubt that whatever company you insure in, at home or abroad, you are strengthening the already unfair advantages of some individual or clique over the unfortunate general public—and that means yourself.

It is your duty as a married man to carry adequate insurance. If you don't you are more or less of a rogue.

If you do, you are less or more of a dupe. Take your choice and then turn to brighter things.

Did you ever see a pedigreed poodle, conscious of his bench trophies, curled, cleansed, and conceited, trotting down the main street, nose taut and tail upheld in pride of superiority, till of a sudden he halts, glaring into an open shop with momentarily weakening hauteur that slips speedily into crestfallen dismay and staggering horror at the vendor's brutal display of plump linked chains of fatty foodstuffs bearing the legend :—

“Frankfurters—sixty-five a yard.”

Not greatly different from this dog's panic, was the shock that shook me recently, when, walking placidly through a hitherto harmless department store, I came full on the startling sign :—

“Leather Poets—eighty-five cents—To-day.”

Isn't it terrible ? I am driven to voice :—

A PROTEST.

Alas! that each immortal name
Of bard unique, now lumped together
As trophies to a binder's fame
Are sold wholesale as so much leather,
And thus retailed upon the mart,
"Pure leather poets—eighty-fi' cents!"
Enough to break a rhymester's heart—
'Twould scarcely pay the poet's licence.
When such we find the final fate
Of mighty minds—one wonders whether
It were not well to hesitate,
Outside Olympus and her leather.
Olympus ? Nay, 'tis now limp calf
That poets win to with their fooling ;
Russian or vellum, yea, or half
Morocco with expensive tooling.
What matter if the words be weak
So honest leather hide the letter ?
When purchasers mere hiding seek,
'Twere wasting worth to give them better.
One laughs, and yet 'tis pity too ;
What vintner, now, would set his prices
On unnamed wines, and make halloo
About his bottles' quaint devices ?
And who would bid ye buy your fruit
At view of painted box or barrel ?
And who would choose a maid to suit
His needs, by judging her apparel ?

Go to—th' intrinsic worth of books
Of wine, fruit, woman, to their lover
Is not a thing of outward looks
Nor measured by a costly cover.

So, Master Salesman of the muse,
Tho' poets be birds of a feather
Their souls are not the soles of shoes,
Pray advertise them not as leather.

OF SECRECY.

It would be much to the advantage of some statesmen to consider whether the Machiavellian tactics of secrecy and government by whisper are not out of date by a century or so.

In these days, when the Anglo-Saxon races at least, are so fully and so promptly posted on the questions of the hour, that the only reason why we have not all adopted the referendum of New Zealand and Switzerland lies in the average straightforwardness of our newspapers, which constitute a most effectual if somewhat slow voice of popular judgment, it is and has been proved again and again the height of fatuous folly for ministers to act in stealth and to hope for peace thereafter.

No man takes pains to cover his footprints by night without incurring the onus of proving that he was neither burglar nor illicit serenader—and to those who claim that public service demands the use of a mask and a dark lantern, we must point out that no such heavy duties are laid on them by their employers, the people.

It may be all right to impute the blame (if any) to the King, but if the matter were discussed temporarily with him, he would probably excuse his advisers from the labor of guarded sessions up a back alley in the dark of the moon.

Let us leave secrecy to the young folk. The sign of the scorpion is not for statesmen.

SECRETS.

What is a secret? Prithee, hush!

I'll whisper—'Tis the flow of bliss

From pulsing heart to blameless blush
When roving lips ensnare a kiss.
'Tis all the guile of innocence—
Your partner's hostage, and your own—
'Tis sweetly bitter penitence—
'Tis—nothing—so it be not 'known.

'Tis any little winged word
'Twixt maid and lover, lad and lass,
Perfect in silence—but, o'erheard,
More fragile than the thinnest glass.
Lo, what a mockery is here,
When Cupid's private wire is crossed,
And amurs meant for Juliet's ear
From jeering tongue to tongue are tossed.

When words soft spoken 'neath the rose
Re-echo harshly thro' the street,
And this one nods, and that one knows,
And all are joyous when you meet,
Save you alone, whose conscious eye
Betrays the wound that you would hide,
And droops, when it would most defy
Th' assailants of your fallen pride.

Sad things are secrets—yea, but worse
Than these, are those to him whose pains
Are prompted by some haunting curse—
The ghost of old ill-gotten gains—
The incubus of memory—
The conscience of a tortured mind—
The skeleton that none may see—
The voice that crieth in the wind—

The bargain made in thoughtless haste
Still waiting to be sorely kept—

The feast of sin, whose lingering taste
Is bitter as with tears unwept.
These are the terrors of the soul
To whom the stars are staring eyes,
Who roams in vain from pole to pole
And finds no refuge from—the spies.

The secret spies—thro' space and time,
From sin-sown seed they sprout and grow,
From heart to brain and limb they climb
And bind and trip and overthrow.
What is a secret ? 'Tis a seed
Deep buried in the soul's dark shroud,
Till, grown a rank and noxious weed,
It shouts the shaming truth aloud.

OF BOOKWORMS.

THIS Lenten season leads to sober thought. There is a Scriptural epigram—not often chosen by the tactful as a subject for pastoral discourse—illustrating the tight squeeze awaiting those millionaires who may be ambitious of social progress in the next world.

This ominous text might be paralleled, to the comfort of poor and dishonest book borrowers: "It is easier to catch a flea with a soup spoon than to hold a bookworm in Hades." For your lover of books, though he have unhappy moments, is largely impervious to outward things, and may abstract himself from the most annoying irritation by burrowing deep in leather bindings.

Of course leather bindings will burn—anything (except that last cord of wood I bought) would burn in—

"That burning bourne,

To which no traveller would willingly return,"

But neither binding nor book of physical form is needed of minds schooled to the joys of outward oblivion and internal communings with the printed page of memory.

In olden days, when books were very scarce and their knowledge an unfamiliar art, the pleasures and pangs of high and low justice in the world beyond, depended solely on one's worldly deeds. As the old ballad goes:

"From Brig o' Dread when thou may'st pass
To Purgatory fire thou com'st at last.

"If ever thou gavest meat or drink
The fire shall never make thee shrink.

"If meat or drink thou ne'er gavest nane,
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane,
And Christe receive thy saule.

"This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Every nighte and alle,
Fire and sleete and candle lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule."

That is dour singing—and faulty doctrine. Let us return to our books.

It is true, perhaps, that "there was never yet philosopher who could endure the toothache patiently," but it is also a fact that many a pang of indigestion has been quieted by memories of Pickwick's chops and tomato sauce.

Many an hour of physical pain or mental strain has been eased by recollective wanderings o'er Selborne meads with White, through Walden woods with Thoreau, or up and down the bastion-flanked garden walks with Uncle Toby.

And none who have truly dug their way into the hearts of a few well loved volumes can ever again feel themselves to be entirely at the mercy of Tiberius or any other outside force.

The mind must rule at last, if schooled to any strength ; and by our readings we may judge our power to stand alone. But beware of reading always for relief.

LORE IS BUT A LOOKING-GLASS.

He who reads to pass the time
Him the times will surely pass—
Lore is but a looking-glass,
Pedant prose, or random rhyme.

Naught you'll get but what you bring—
Ripened fruit from fertile seed ;
You, yourself, are what you read,
You are what the poets sing.

You yourself are on the page,
And your soul between the lines
Shows the never failing signs
As you wax or wane with age.

Do you trace a lesser truth
In the tale you one time loved ?
Then your span of years is proved
Lesser, by the loss of youth.

Does that classic author pall
Who was once so fondly read ?
Then the pathway that you tread
Surely slopeth to a fall.

Do you read no writings now
Move your heart to greater heat ?
Then the men you used to meet
Met a better man than thou.

But if still the spirit moves
To the song of olden days,
Know that all thy winding ways
Followed not the downward grooves.

And if fuller worth appears
In the tomes of long ago,
Then your kingdom you may know
Greater by the gain of years.

And if beauties fresh you see
Where was loveliness of yore

To the youth thou wert before,
Better man thou art than he.

So, when you the time would pass
With a volume, take good heed,
What you find there as you read—
Lore is but a looking-glass.

ALL FOOLS' DAY.

WELCOME brothers : The first quarter of the year has gone and the first day of April is here. Be careful.

The cry of Ducdame, Ducdame, Ducdame is rhythmic and enticing, but the circle it invokes is not famous for the wisdom included therein.

It is a good thing (on this precious anniversary) to stand apart from oneself and consider, even if we be legislators and rulers of men, whether we be so inordinately wise as to bar us from the kindly affections of Shakespeare, Elia and others who most avowedly loved "God's children."

And when other than eternally wise, do we lapse to the right or the left ? to the mules or the goats ? the foolish or the knavish ?

Set these questions carefully aright and answer them truly—no parliamentary dodges—and if you find no fools in the House, you are not the only one surprised. This much I have noticed, with suspicion, that when the members were racked this way and that to suggest means of producing revenue, government, opposition, Nelson and Manaimo were unanimous in placing no tax on fools.

APRIL FIRST.

Chill winds of March had cleared the sombre sky,
The mild March sun had kissed the sleeping ground,
The lion and the lamb had frolicked by,
Each in his native mood—and all profound
In the dull depths of solemn study drowned,

I lurked sequestered in a cloister cool,
Thro' whose grey granite walls I heard the sound
Of one who cried, "Come, come away from school!
Oh, Hermit, come with me—and be my April Fool."

Tempted by something tuneful in that voice,
I raised my eyes reluctant from the book
And glancing from the chamber of my choice
Gave to the world without one lingering look.
And, heedless quite at first, my vision took
An instant picture—framing to my sight
Blue sky and fleecy clouds—a flying rook
Black carved in silhouette against their white—
And budding trees that gleamed of green and golden
light.

And down below the stalwart trunks of these
Ran vistas of long lanes, with carpets green,
Embroidered in a hundred phantasies
Of lilies pale, in rows, and grouped between,
Massed violets all shrinking, half unseen,
And, where the pathway spread, a mossy stone,
Whereon was lightly perched a Fairy Queen,
Or Dryad, weary of her prison grown,
Who, seeing, beckoned me that I approach her throne
So stepped I forth, and kneeling, half in sport
(The volume still retaining in my hand),
Said, "Madam, if it be that you hold court
In these fresh fields, I pray you give command
That I be numbered with your loyal band
Of happy subjects. Surely happy, they
Whose wits, like mine, were powerless to withstand
The summons of your voice when "Come away"
You called, "Oh, come and serve the lovely Queen
of May!"

"Not that," she laughed; "No Queen of May am I,
To grace for one brief day the flowered pole
And Morris dance of sweeps, and then to die
From minds of men, a thing without a soul.
A prouder empery mine! Lo, I control
One-half the courts of this terrestrial sphere.
One-half? Yea, almost might I claim the whole,
So oft from wisdom do their courses veer
When by th' erratic star of Policy they steer.

"All kindly sweetness is the mild May Queen,
All spiteful malice is the mad March hare.
Half tears, half smiles, I stand midway between,
And Folly is the classic name I wear.
Sad student of dull wisdom, will you dare
To follow on where Folly leads the way?
Leave thy dank cell and breathe the open air.
Throw down thy book; this is my holiday,
And musty books are banned when Folly is at play.

"Here, be my Fool and bear these bells!" she said;
And filled my hands with blooming Campanile.
"And wear this cap!" Upon my reckless head
She wreathed wild blossoms in fantastic style,
Then, laughing, led me on a little while
By grassy plot and winding path, until
We came on one who from the rank and file
Of some far army, weary, lone and ill,
Discharged and seeking life, no longer sought to kill.

"Poor fool," said Folly. "See, he longs to live,
Who was by church and state commandment bound
To take the life that he could never give.
'Thou shalt not!' cried the gods, with threat'ning
sound,

And this poor Ajax dying on the ground
Defied the Jove his childhood days had known.
Bravely he slew mankind wherever found
'Neath other flags than his, and now, alone,
He lies, a sorry footstool to his monarch's throne."

We threw him alms, and passed along the road
To where beneath a portico one sat
In solemn robes, befitting the abode
Of Justice ; weighty words of this and that
Great judge he quoted, pithily and pat,
Till one addressed him, rising, then he turned
Toward the speaker, saw the culprit's hat
And cried, "I see none here—the court's adjourned!"
"Blind Justice," Folly whispered, "is a name well
earned."

Then strolling on, we met a man of weight
Who wrote most virtuous leaders every day,
Who nightly saved the party and the state
From dismal chaos, for the paltry pay
Of twenty-five a week. Quoth Folly, "Say,
Would thirty bring you o'er to write for me ?
To save the country in a different way ?"
"For thirty-five my pen is yours," said he,
"To prove your argument, whatever it may be."

And Folly sighed, and we passed on again
And found one preaching to a sleepy few,
The whom he warned of ways that were but vain,
"For that," he said, "is false ! and this, untrue !"
And as the day waxed warm, he warmer grew
With words, words, words of dogma, creed and sept,
But nothing wisely old nor strongly new.

Still in the deep-trod miry path he kept.
"No thoroughfare," quoth Folly—and the people
slept.

And thence we came to a philosopher,
Who gazed at Folly with dim-seeing eyes
And knew her not, altho' he doubted her,
And spoke of "Shooting folly as it flies."
"Shoot me?" cried she. "Nay, now, but if the
skies

With flight of pigeons all grew gloomy dark
You had an easier task to win a prize
By shooting every bird at once, than stark
To stretch your stricken slain, with Folly for a mark."

And, truly as we walked from scene to scene
That April day, our seeking brought to light
More loyal subjects to this fooling Queen
Than you could think, or pen of mine could write.
You were not one, I know; but when at night
I sought my cell and my neglected book,
Awhile I thought myself the only wight
Untinged of folly, till I blushed to look
A mirror in the face, and sought my ingle-nook.

OF LIBRARIANS AND SALARIES.

I must say that I am greatly disappointed. Perhaps I was foolish—or at least too hopeful—but I did think that I was going to get it.

Sixty great silver dollars every month! Rising to seventy-five, in good time! Two dollars and a half per diem! Ten bob a day! And gone! Let us hope the fortunate prize winner appreciates his luck. As for me, I will whisper words of courage to myself. With plums like that to fight for once in a lifetime, the bookish man's existence is not uneventful—and may be not unprofitable—and there will surely be openings for an assistant or two—of course at a less dazzling wage.

Two-fifty a day. That's as much as a real mucker gets at the mines, or a siwash canoe man, or a wheelbarrow chifionier, or a brakeman, and librarying is not nearly so hard on the hands as wheelbarrowing and railroading and smelting. As for the brain, I must confess I differ from those who classify it as manual labor.

Of course the books, the blood and sinew of a library, may be judged and bought automatically by a weighing machine, but some slight knowledge of binding is desirable. Your true Callimachus, too, must be alert and tactful as a car conductor (Dominie Sampson has no place in a public library), must know the names and faces of his clients, and, like the conductor, must be quick to recognise and pass up with a respectful smile—our aldermen, God bless them.

Anyway you take it, a librarian dispenses as much knowledge, and with as much care and nice judgment (if

he be worth his salt), as a college professor, and talks less profusely.

Truly, he may draw down his fifteen a week (eighteen seventy-five in time,) without blushing; and if our dear, good Carnegie is successful in squeezing through the needle's eye without loss of ribs, be sure that the best paid of his librarians may follow after and swagger through the breach, arms akimbo, with never a bump. They are free of mammon, if any are.

Pounds and sixpennies, dimes and dollars,
What are they worth to the master mind?
Kings and potentates, seers and scholars,
Seek for wealth of another kind—

Never a one of them finds content
In speculation for cent. per cent.,
Ever, until the last coin is spent,
To their bank books they are blind.

Power and patronage, wit and knowledge,
These are the quarry of men full souled;
Throne and council room, cell and college,
Gladly for wisdom exchange their gold.

Love of the people and confidence,
Science, that measures the firmaments,
Looms to them larger than thirty cents
On a death gage, bought and sold.

Just as well for the bookworm that he does not over-value money. There is no sense in worshipping a golden calf that you can't rope, and most mavericks are only plated when you come to brand them.

Let the librarian ponder on the thoughtful kindness that gives him a salary free of income tax, and be thankful.

He might have been made a judge with a position to keep up, and decisions to be reversed, and all sorts of untaxed costs ; or a member of the American federation of presidents, who are going to strike for an increase of \$50,000 a year, and a union label on all American born peeresses.

He might, heaven help him, have been a Czar, with his own people pelting him from Petersburg to Gatchina, as though he were a British fishing fleet.

Let him be content, and at the month ends he may sing with Kipling :

When Moses came down with his 'ablets of stone
(" It's all one," says the scholar),
He chose from the Levites a Libraryun—
An up-to-date, qualified Libraryun,
With the rank and pay of a scholar.

When Joseph, grown rich on his corner in wheat,
Gave Egypt Libraries in each county seat,
He stocked them with qualified Libraryuns,
With the rank and pay of a scholar.

When Solomon, after connubial tiffs,
Gave his wives half a brick kiln of Hieroglyphs,
He hired for his household a Libraryun,
With the rank and pay of a scholar.

When Euclid and Plato got tired of their play,
We picked up their writings and fyled 'em away,
All indexed so neat by the Libraryun,
With the rank and pay of a scholar.

OF PAT BURNS AND H. G. WELLS.

A FEW days ago I chanced to partially overhear the monologic conversation of a Barber and his victim. Among other things, the speaker said :—

“ Oh, yes, I have shaved Pat Burns often ! ” and the evident pride and self-gratulation of this announcement at first pleased my sense of superiority and afterwards set me thinking.

What greater pride than this is that of the bibliophile who bears home in triumph the long-sought, uncut, first edition of some literary rarity ?

What worthier complacency is his who condescendingly admits you to the view of his pet treasures—the only authenticated autograph of Richard Cœur de Lion his X mark—the snub-nosed fragment of a cast-iron dog from the lawns of Pompeii—the bowl of a B.B.B. that Raleigh smoked on the scaffold and the quill pen that Milton flung into the wood box when it spluttered over a page of *Paradise Lost* ?

There is something of historical, of human interest in these quaint jewels—a power even of compelling the mind to dwell on scenes apart from the present, and to bring past and future together in a moment of harmony ; but not supremely so or even appreciably above a million other trifles of unacknowledged value. It is not for this that they are so highly treasured.

The actual standard of their valuation is their comparison with the “ unique.” The nearer your possession comes to this the greater the multiplication of its normal

price by connoisseurs, and herein lies the merit of the man who shaved Pat Burns.

There is only one Pat Burns.

(If the foreign papers that reprint this column are not in touch with the name and fame of our Western Beef Trustee, they can spell it Robert Burns and let it go at that).

There is only one Pat Burns' chin to be shaved, and the number of his barbers is consequently limited.

I can claim no virtue in that I have often eaten a Pat Burns' steak. The steaks were good and my health was benefitted, but the horned hoofs go down in legions to the Burns' emporiums, and there is nothing of the unique in having fed to his profit—ten thousand wagging jaws do that much daily.

But the man behind the razor knows that the possible number of shaves to one chin is definitely confined, the probable number even more so, and his consequent satisfaction at finding himself one of the few chosen to slap the soapy brush about his hero's countenance is quite on an appreciable par with the noble lord's gratification at receiving the Garter.

The pursuit of the unique lends ambition alike to the contentless millionaire who would overtop all others in the supremacy of his uncounted gold, and to the care-free sportsman whose holiday hours are devoted to arduous toil in search of bigger, rarer game than falls to his companions and rivals of the hunt.

The butterfly chaser is moved by the same desire and the scientist in every sphere is urged at times almost to the bias of bending truth in his anxiety to identify himself with some new discovery or the sub-classification of some plant or animal as a distinct species.

According to a theory of H. G. Wells, who very modestly outlines his scheme of philosophy in an appendix to

the "Modern Utopia," the scientific tendency to group different bodies together in species is a great error. He asserts that each individual object, so far as we can grasp it, is unique, differing from every other; and that these separate individuals are surrounded on all sides by others so slightly different and so gently varied, yet leading on imperceptibly to changes almost infinitely vast, that at no point can one draw a line and say: "These are of one class. Those are of another."

He does not flinch from the logic of his argument and is quite prepared to make denial even when you say: "These are chairs. Those other things are fishes." As a philosopher he is probably most profoundly right, but it would be silly to offer him a herring when he wanted to sit down. That sort of thing isn't argument.

He makes it fairly clear, however, that the division of animals into named groups is less a matter of absolute fact than of convenience, and his view of the matter throws some light on the endless discussions as to whether *Ovis Stonei* and *Ovis Dalli* belong to the same clan.

His method in fact would allow of a unique name being given to each bird or beast bagged, whether common as crows on a clam strewn beach or rare as the island wolverine. Did you ever shoot a wolverine? He is a fearsome brown beast, sometimes called the skunk bear, from the appearance of a white streak on his side—his ways are nefarious, his morals bad and his bite is worse than the bark of a pine.

When he howls your teeth stutter and your knees converge with buck fever.

I will try to give you the idea with a song that won't be quite effective until I get the music that a fearless friend is creating to wrap around the words:

THE CRY OF THE WOLVERINE.

Oh, weird is the wail o' the wan Banshee

Which pierces the moated wall,

And warneth the Earl of a doom to dree

In his own ancestral Hall ;

But awfuller far to the listening ear

Is the soul-thrilling sound, I ween,

That fills you with fear

When sudden you hear

The cry of the wolverine !

The horrible, gobbling hoot

Of the beast that you dare not shoot,

The wolfing, wool-pulling wolverine.

Oh, the cry of the wolverine !

(Here the singer will bark and woof a bit.)

Oh, harsh is the howl of the eldritch owl,

Who "whits" from the clustered wood,

Where the witch and the warlock jowl by jowl

Keep tryst with the Devil's brood ;

But eerier far to the ear's fair sense

Is his clamoring bestial keen,

As he crouches tense

In the timber dense,

The cry of the wolverine !

The wickedly whiffing whoof

Of the beast that lingers aloof,

The wailing, whimpering wolverine.

Oh, the cry of the wolverine !

(Bark some more.)

Oh, swift is the shock of the rocketting cock

High spun on his pheasant wing,

And wondrous the whirr of the bursting flock

Where the covey of quail outfling,

But stranger the screech with the scent of musk
That spreads o'er the dark'ning scene,
When he champs his tusk
In the dreadful dusk,

The cry of the wolverine !
The quarrelsome, querulous squeal
Of the beast at his evening meal,
The wily, woodstalking wolverine.
Oh, the cry of the wolverine !

(Singer runs around biting.)

Oh, grim is the growl of the grizzly bear
On Kootenay's mountain sides.
And lurid the laugh of the lone loon, where
O'er the moon swept lake he glides ;
But fataller far to the peace of mind
Of the hunstman bold and keen
Is that vocal wind
Of a curious kind,

The cry of the wolverine !
The crapulous, curdling cry
Of the beast with the baleful eye,
The wickedly whistling wolverine.
Oh, the cry of the wolverine !

(All take to the tall timber.)

OF TRAGEDY AND PERSPECTIVE.

TRAVELLING in a street car the other evening I was reading the European news, with the paper spread conveniently in front of me in such a manner that I could not well complain of the sociably inclined stranger who sat beside me and gleaned fragments from my pages by dint of slow spelling and much neck-twisting.

I was deeply interested in an article headed in large type, "Carnage in Moscow," when my neighbor popped a grimy finger on the words I was reading, and said with a chuckle of admiration: "He'll fix 'em!"

"Who will fix who?" I asked, shortly and ungrammatically.

"Carnegie, av coorse! He's the boy for them Roosians!"

Which amused me very much, and I had quite a little laugh to my self until I remembered the sobering fact that some fifteen thousand men, women and children had been more or less maltreated and slain in Moscow within the week, and that their sufferings might possibly have been intended for some larger purpose than to find food for my risibilities.

I stopped laughing, of course, but to be honest, I have not yet succeeded in realising anything of the truth of Russia's horrors. What I have read of Moscow's massacres, I believe to be fairly near the facts of the case, but it affects me far less than do my mental pictures of similar scenes in the French Revolution.

There are two possible reasons for one's apparent coldness or unfairness of heart in such cases as this.

The first is that nothing has given one a direct personal interest in these tales of modern slaughter that convince our brain and leave our emotions untouched. Of all the thousands dead there is none whose life has merged with ours for a moment, nor are there others there for whom the fear of a like fate would generate sympathy in our breasts for those unknown. In a few years' time the artists of history and of novel writing will give us a clue to the personality of this suffering, as Carlyle and Dickens led us through the red muddy streets of Paris behind the tumbrils that bore our friends to the guillotine, and we shall then perhaps shed the tear that does not spring to-day.

It is possible again—and this is my second reason—that the combination of distance (in space of geography) and nearness in time, is more confusing to the full grasp of our minds than we ordinarily think.

You tell me of the death of King Arthur and the desolation of Camelot—long ago—far away—and I believe easily and am profoundly moved.

But tell me of sorrow and horror, or of joy and glory, now—to-day—in the act of being—and it must be made tangible to come within my creed.

Hardly a day passes without the loss of a ship at sea, but unless we have travelled on that ship, or know the waters where it sank, how little do we feel the death of unknown men.

And when the disaster comes close, when the waves that wrecked her roll around our own shores and creep to our very homes—how clearly do we picture the ship we never saw and how keenly do we feel the fate of those we never knew.

The wreck of the *Pass of Melfort* affects us more deeply than all the carnage of Russia and Japan, and it is a wise provision of nature that this is so.

For Russia and Japan are beyond our powers of correction or assistance, but here is something to our hand that we may set right or at least improve, inasmuch as there is not one of us who may not help in echoing the cry for "More lights along the Coast."

THE UNTOMBED.

We are the ghosts of those who roam the sunken sea,
Not wholly dead—but moving in sad sleep,
Tormented by wan thoughts—we throng the deep,
A haunted host, harried of unvoiced misery.

To men we may not speak, who once ourselves were men,
Nor to man's tender touch relax and rest,
With hands unused to prayer upon our breast
Folded in trustful token of a last "Amen" !

These are the benison of those who landward lie,
And dreamless wait the dawn of timeless hours,
Sheltered by kindly soil, green grass and flowers
Whose bloom fast follows fading, with each season's sky.

But we, reft orphans of our mortal Mother Earth,
Such harbors know not, where the listener hears
Long, low laments of grief made mild by tears,
And plaints that burgeon into song, as death to birth.

Alas ! We journey where the desert of salt foam
Folds into steaming waves beneath the gray,
Slow, sullen clouds that droop to meet the spray
Shock-spun and hissing flung from each pale crested comb.

Do ye not see us ? When the darkening winter's night
Goes roaring to the West in spume and wind—
Cold terror to the fore, and far behind
A chasing tumult of mad, frantic, flooding flight ?

Do ye not hear us ? When the seagull's piercing shriek
Warns of the battling fray, where rugged rock
Stands sentinel before the bay, to mock
The wrecking ship of refuge that she may not seek ?

Do ye not know us ? Where the bed of matted kelp
Spreads o'er the morrow's lessening swell,
As 'twere a heaving bosom that might tell—
Yet dared not—of some sheltered spot, some hope of help ?

Hope, help or shelter was not—we were wholly doomed—
None knowing why, or how, our fate was so—
Nor dreading overmuch the death—our woe
Is all in this, that we are left for aye untombed.

And so we drift and go with ebb and flow of tide,
Weary for peace, and longing for the sights
Of shores less shoal—of landfalls glad with lights
That driven ships might con and into haven ride.

OF THE SIMPLE LIFE.

No, kind friend, I have not read "The Simple Life," but I have lived it to quite an extent—under compulsion.

Life—human life—the indefinable striving for expression and development of desires and qualities that have grown from mere sensory appetites—loses simplicity with mankind's progress from the animal, with the child's first step from babyhood.

From the lowest type of Australian black to the highest brain power that enunciates for our guidance the principles of right living is a span ever extending from the primal shore of simplicity to infinite complexity—and the complex life is the life that truly lives.

The body that exercises thousands of muscles, the mind that is receptive to thousands of impressions, the soul that strives in a thousand directions, form together the truest man and fill him with a manifold existence.

The virtue and simplicity applies only in the directing, guiding and proportioning of impulse and endeavor. To reach a full complexity it is necessary that the innumerable parts that go to make up one's existence be simple—direct—the shortest possible distance between two points.

Nothing in length and breadth so delicately controls the area it covers, nothing so capable of infinite extension, nothing so complex in its ever-widening series of cross connections, as a cobweb—and nothing so simple as the radii and chords of its construction along whose lines to the centre run messages from "every airt."

Extend the co-ordinates of the spider's web to the three dimensions of space and you have a framework that brings every farthest star and every nearest heartbeat within your ken—a complexity superhuman, and still the parts are simple.

Carry your imagination farther yet, to a fourth dimension, and see——

I regret to say that the editor has barred all discussion of a fourth dimension ; very well.

But you understand what I mean. That an absolute simplicity of directness in moving step by step toward any well-desired goal is quite compatible with a wide field of desires and a moving forward in many directions.

The only danger of a complex life is to him whose basic elements are unsimple, whose design is faulty and incongruous and whose resultant web is a tangle of loose threads and Gordian knots.

To him I would say " Back to Nature and be simple ; varied ways are not for thee ; walk in one direction only—like the crawfish."

Such as he, are those who cry out against wealth, newspapers, politics, electric light, mayonnaise, wireless telegraphy, and jiu-jitsu. They have overeaten of good things and their teeth are set on edge. They have misused opportunity and have taken to the woods in search of first principles.

None love the forest more than I, but I go there of need or for recreation, not flying from complexity, but seeking new threads for the web of things, and those who go otherwise do so at the peril of descending through the grades of recluse, hermit, savage, to the level of the beast.

With all its faults, modern civilised life is the highest point of existence man has yet attained, and " the good old days " are only good in poetry which has the fortu-

nate knack of forgetting the "bad old ways" of ignorance, vice and uncleanness, in its reminiscences of yore.

THE SIMPLE LIFE OF JACK AND JILL.

When Jack and Jill long years ago did mount
The sloping stairway of a hillside trail
To where some sunken spring or swelling fount
Gave them wherewith to fill the oaken pail,
Their troubles were but fleeting. If they fell,
Not long their sorrow stayed with them—their joys
Sprang forth refreshed beside that bowered well
Where roses grew and birds made merry noise.
Yon little hut half hid among the trees ?
Tiny—'tis true—but then you see, 'twas theirs !
Here Jill kept house and kept all trim with ease—
Two rooms, a kitchen, and—no weary stairs,
Sweet honeysuckles graced the entry door
And clambered o'er the porch—Towards the East
One lozenged window faced—for few had more
In those old days, when plenty was a feast.
And here at dawn the cunning sunbeams crept
Thro' leaded panes, to rouse the peaceful pair,
And here at dusk, ere yet again they slept,
Thro' wide-flung blinds they breathed the evening air,
And heard, perchance, the nightingale without,
Pouring his notes against a starry sky—
Nor lingered listening long—for fearful doubt
Of witch and ghost filled those dark nights gone by—
A patch of ground behind the little house
Was theirs thro' kindness of the village squire ;
And here Jill daily delved, the while her spouse
Went to the mill, or worked abroad for hire.

Not idle he, nor reckless, nor a fool.

He earned full many a dime—and paid his rent
With most of it. What matter? As a rule

In those old days that was the way it went.

They had good food—enough to keep them both.

Their health was fair; they knew not doctor's bills.

So time passed on, and they were nothing loth

To see small Jacks arrive, and little Jills.

And these—till eight or ten years old—made shift

To feed and laugh and play and sleep and grow.

Then—trapped by poverty and taught by thrift—

They went to work. The good old days were so.

Old times have gone—we would not call them back.

If they were good, to-day is better still.

The world spreads wider far to John than Jack;

Richer is Julia's life than that of Jill.

And of those olden joys—why, still the Rose

And Honeysuckle bloom—the Nightingale

Sings sweet as ever—although no one goes

Uphill to fetch his water in a pail.

OF HIBERNATORY PROPENSITIES.

THERE is a peculiar virtue in the mellow warmth of October sunshine.

On this favored isle of the Pacific coast, where the seasons run more equably than in the rest of Canada, the specific qualities of each month are not so noticeable, truly, as in those versatile regions where brilliant maple and scarlet sumach of autumn lead on to the frost-ripened wild grape of November and the snows of winter. But even here—altho', were one set down face to the sea of a pleasant afternoon without knowledge of any calendared date, it were a hard problem to decide in what zodiacal sign our sun was shining—there is in this month and the next, a distinct species of good weather that seems specially designed to build up the frame and fortify the soul of man against what discomforts the coming moons may bring.

As tho' the human race were to some extent hibernators, not only physically but psychically as well, the sun, from the crossing of the autumn equinox half way to solstice, throws off vibrations of light and heat of renovating virtue to mind and body wearied of the passing year's toil—a virtue that stimulates one externally and internally to the laying on of adipose.

It is, in short, a fat-producing warmth, a subtle weaver of winter blankets for those who dwell north of the tropics.

The effects of this blubber-building solar and atmospheric influence are wide spread, and well enough known in their results, altho' their cause is not so generally appreciated.

From the first day of November onward to February, your ego is clothed in comfort-conveying layers of tissue that protect the sensibilities and dull the more poignant emotions. Your wit is not so keen, nor your critical faculties so alert as when with the coming of April you celebrate the day set apart by your forefathers for the mocking of fools.

Your affections are broader and more firmly balanced than when, in the spring time, your fancies lightly turn lovewards.

Your five senses are blunted :—

Touching or feeling—that you may not suffer unduly from the cold.

Sight—for many colors have vanished, the day's light is fainter and darkness lies longer on the land.

Hearing—for the bird songs are fewer, there is no hum of insects, and the music of wind, wave and brook is harsher in quality and less varied in form than that which greets the ear in warmer days.

Scent—for the rose and violets have faded, and the perfumes of the soil are reduced to few.

Taste—yes, even taste is dulled and more alluring than when the gardens of summer were so in vegetable banquet for your analysis.

But this lessening of our acuteness of perception is not necessarily a loss to our welfare. Far from it.

Were it not for this annual period of sluggish torpitude our sensitive antennae would be overworked, and worn to such veritable fineness of point as to become self-tormenting and nerve destroying.

And indeed, this happens only too often to those who, thro' carelessness or ignorance, neglect to store their system with the fuel of October.

It is the outdoor month *par excellence*, and if you wish to enjoy life sanely and sanitarily you must absorb your full share of its sunshine without the medium of window glass.

Then will you pass pleasantly (if somewhat grossly) thro' a hazy year-end dream of harvest homes and Christmas tides. Your wit will wallow in old volumes of *Punch* and *Pickwick*—your critical mind be entertained to tears and laughter by all manner of ancient crudities re-read. Your senses shall be gladdened:—

Feeling—by the tingle of a healthy epiderm that joys in rough contact with outer things.

Sight—by the outdoor color schemes of blue and gray and the rosy hues of evening's hearth—the flare of lamp-lit streets at night, or the sparkle of innumerable stars across a moonless sky.

Hearing—by the noise of the farmyard, if luckily you have one; or the lively rattle of the town; strong voices raised in cheer, and mirthful singing of simple melodies—anthems, too, and carols and old English song, for these are largely of the season.

Scent—by the kitchen bred odors of your dining table, the smoke of pipe and cigar, the smut of coal or the reek of oak in your open fire, and the fresh morning breaths of frosted air—and

Taste? Well, you don't know what taste is, till your fall-fatted appetite goes roaring up and down, seeking what it may devour and praising all things not absolutely devitalised by the cook.

Bathe well in October sunshine and the stinging winds of March will find you not too thinly clad, and your spring rejuvenation will rise from firm foundation.

But if October sun shine not?

Then it's a very bad look-out indeed, and only the greatest care and the strongest mental effort will serve

to raise your spirits from hypochondriacal depths of
despondent damposity.

IN THE WET WOODS.

Rain ! It is raining again !
And the ground is sodden with rain
That falls from a leaden sky and drips from the hemlock
trees
Like the ghostly dripping of blood
In the visions of haunted Cain—
Drip, drip, drip ; will it never drain to the lees ?
Not for a fortnight now
Has the sun shone forth for an hour
To gladden the joyless green that glistens with slimy
wet ;
Never a star has peeped
Thro' the branches above my bower—
Bower that one time was—but it may be a graveyard yet.
For life cannot linger long
In a liquid desert like this—
Drip, drip, drip, from the waterlogged leaves o'erhead—
On to my fading fire,
Till the embers die with a hiss—
Well, it were better perhaps, like the fire, to go out—
and be dead
Than live in these damp drear woods,
Weary and chilled to the bone—
Better to drowse in the mist, till a cold fog angel of sleep
Crawls to one's inmost heart
And signals a spirit flown—
And a huddled bundle of limbs hunched up in a grue-
some heap.

Gruesome enough to you—
If you happened this way, and found
Something uncanny that beckoned and drew your
averted eye,
Hidden with grass and leaves
And sunken into the ground.
But—you never will pass this way—so it recks not
how I lie.

And the little brown wren, I know,
Will hop to me close as of yore,
When I stood all awake and alive, but motionless,
holding my breath—
And the grey browed robber of camps
Will flutter as often before,
All heedless of him, who, harmless alive, is doubly so,
harnessed in death.

And the foraging squirrel, too,
Will pause in his scurrying flight,
Cluckirg and flicking his tail in a frenzy of mimic wrath
At this that has startled his nerves
In a moment of needless fright,
This—that encumbers the trail of his foot-worn elfin
path!

And what—when the stars shine out
(If ever again they shine),
What if my deaf ear pricks to the patter of prowling
feet?
Would my pulses beat, do you think,
To the coyote's craven whine?
Or the nearing howl of a hungry wolf who galloping
comes to eat.

Nay—never a whit care I,
Let the famished monsters feed—
Crunching with ravening jowls the limbs that they
dreaded in life.
I have slain, in my time, of these,
With none of their starving need—
Let them sit at my wake if they will, and close with a
banquet our strife.

They are Dogs—tameless Dogs of the wood—
And I know at the end of their feast,
When they are going, glutted, and grown to a wider
girth—
Some little fragment of bone
And a garment or two, at the least,
They will leave decently hidden and covered with
foot-flung earth.

Something to moulder and melt
To the kindly caressing clay—
Something to slumber and rest in a mothering mantle
of earth.
Something to sleep for a night
And to wake with the dawning of day,
Merged into one with the buds at their springtime
wonder of birth—

One with the flowers of spring
And the birds and the beasts and the trees—
One with the morning mist, and the streams, and the
drops that fall—
One with mountain and meadow,
Light, shadow and wandering breeze—
One with the rolling clouds—and the sun behind them all.

OF NELSON AND CARNEGIE.

THE centenary of Trafalgar—one of the days we celebrate with more or less profitable understanding of the event, and less or more to the promotion of harmony among nations.

Not the least fitting tribute to the memory of Nelson would be a fair consideration of Andrew Carnegie's recent university address on the subject of war.

His plea that an international court of arbitration and judgment could well and promptly be instituted by the more civilised races, can not be controverted by any people who come under such classification, and least of all by those who have (and this since Nelson's time) voluntarily, and as a moral obligation, substituted civil law for the code of honor.

If the warlike British spirit can in a few years so subdue itself to a sense of public welfare and of the higher laws, as to give up its quondam prerogative of settling the keenest of personal injuries personally; if the England whose grandfathers so ruthlessly sent to Coventry any and all who flinched or hesitated at the throwing down or taking up of a gauntlet can now cheerfully submit to trial by jury on a charge of murder for those who have taken upon themselves the dread responsibility of a duel, there can be no occasion to fear either that our blood as a people is too hot to brook the control of a world arbiter to which we subscribe, or that the usage of such arbitration, the nonusage of man-slaying weapons, will result in humanity's effeminance and in the decay of patriotism.

For the former, the great mass of a people, though

quick to anger as they are to misunderstand, are loth to act over hastily ; and in modern times at least, there has never been a war deliberately forced on the guiding hands of our country by her own people—and no event less than definite fear of invasion—nay, actual invasion itself—would precipitate any such illegal hostilities.

To the protest that certain stings of foreign nations could be met or punished by nothing but the justly armed anger of England, and that England's rulers could do no less than obey the demands of her people, one has only to recall a few crises when the cry for war was almost unanimous and when, had war resulted, the government in power would certainly have been exonerated from blame, as having yielded to an undeniable demand.

The peoples' anger that rose against the Turk in Armenia, against Cleveland's Venezuelan audacity, against William's Transvaal telegram, against France and Fashoda, was and is a strong force for statesmanship to guide with wisdom ; but it was not, nor will it prove, so riotously unreasonable as to count for one moment as a stumbling block to those who would place an international coping stone on the world's structure of law.

Howso strong the wrath of our people might rise, the keynote of Nelson's victory would prove the stronger, and England could still confidently "expect every man to do his duty."

And as the annihilation of duelling has in no whit lessened our quickness to resent any infringement of our private rights nor weakened the manliness and courage of a single individual, so the substitution of law for anarchy in the larger equation shall not enfeeble the spirit nor lower the prowess of any nations who help to make and keep that law.

As to patriotism—that subtle and imperfectly analysed emotion of the soil does not thrive primarily on war—even suffers somewhat from modern war, in which fortunes are builded by a few, while losses are sustained by the many, and in which property is treated as a far more holy possession than life.

The foolish patriotism of down-trodden ignorance, moving restlessly in quest of intelligence, is diverted and stimulated to false and wasteful energy by the glare and glitter of conquest abroad; but only at home, by self growth and a more normal culture than prevails in time of strife, can it develop to those harmonious heights that lent such strength to Nelson's utterance of national unity—"England expects!"

It is well for the prospects of peace that the formation of some such suggested tribunal is being urged on public attention by a man so virile, practical and characteristically Anglo-Saxon as Carnegie. His attitude on such a question cannot be overlooked, and if he devotes his superabundant energy and power of concentration to this, as to other problems that he has encountered in his joyful career, we may yet see Togo, Dewey and Kitchener flaunting a common uniform as chiefs of the international peacemakers.

And in any event we shall probably see Carnegie, the ex-armor-plate builder, winning and wearing the prize bequeathed by Nobel, the late powder maker, and so shall we see how wise men who make their millions from our lust for war, deprecate the folly of those who pay them tribute.

To Nelson, the peacemaker, we add our mite to the decorative offerings that cluster to-day about London's proudest monument.

OCTOBER 21ST, 1905.

One hundred years ago to-day—
At dawn, from off the coast of Spain
Soft scented breezes swept the main,
Toy'd with the tarry ships that lay
In silent watchfulness—and passed
O'er British hull and helm and mast,
Straight on, to where the foe—at last—
Were seen, just four short leagues away.

One hundred years ago to-day
At prime the springing sun beheld
The famous flag-spun message spelled
From ship to ship in bunting gay—
“England expects that every man
Will do his duty”—so it ran,
And fluttered for a moment's span
To fade—and live in lore for aye.

One hundred years ago to-day
At noon—a hell of fourscore ships
Belched fire from furious cannon lips
Whose kisses stung to swift decay—
And maddened men of alien race,
Their bulwarks bound in blind embrace,
Strove hand to hand and face to face
With Death, the master of the fray.

One hundred years ago to-day,
At sloping sun the sea was spread
With shattered ships, and some were fled,
And some were sunken 'neath the spray,
Tossed up by that immortal pair
Of England's pride, triumphant there,
The Victory—the Temeraire—
And others, only less than they.

One hundred years ago to-day,
At eve the thundering guns were stilled,
The moaning wounded, silent killed,
Were set apart in gaunt array,
And o'er the fleet a whisper sped—
"Our Captain lies among the dead!
God keep his soul," the seamen said.
"This is the tearful price we pay!"

One hundred years ago to-day!
Homeward the hero's fame they bore,
That England's hallowed crypt should store
The sacred fragments of his clay,
Where all who loved old England's fame
For freedom, truth, and courage came
To shed a tear o'er Nelson's name,
And for his valiant soul to pray.

A hundred years ago to-day—
What have they brought, these hundred years?
A hundred thousand joys and fears
Have come and gone and given sway—
But, God be praised, invading war,
Home striking, sudden, from afar,
We have not feared since Trafalgar
Was fought and won in Nelson's way.

OF NEWS AND NOTE BOOKS.

THE "Note Book" of the *Illustrated London News*, so long edited by the late James Payn of loved memory, and more recently by Mr. Austin, now bears the authority of G. K. Chesterton, to whom we may look for much pleasurable discourse—let us hope for many days.

I do not know just how recently he took office, but on October 7th he was in full swing, with rather vague and humorously gentle thunders against the "smug."

Not that he uses such a word, or even definitely attacks anything that might be so classified, but the trend of his thesis is that way.

His tangible argument—his words float airily and expansively about—two old ladies, if you please, whose police-defying appearance with drawn swords has evidently attracted some recent attention in London and is, as he says, worthy of very serious and reflective study.

From this Amazonian phenomenon he weaves a warning to commercial complacency and the sluggish patriotism of peace and prosperity—a protest against the iron mask and the stiff collar that choke and veil the emotional impulses of England.

More freedom and less form—he mildly insists, or the outbursting, indestructible electrons of emotion will paralyse the purlieus of Pall Mall and frock-coated city men will run around, biting.

These gloomy happenings he deduces, cleverly and readably, from the two old ladies aforesaid and their startling apparition "high o'er the pillar'd town."

But as outlanders from London and as old readers of the *Illustrated* we must file a double-barrelled protest against (1) the voicing of sermons, however eloquent, whose subject text is merely mentioned by title as having happened in London and therefore known to all men; and (2) the assumption that there is anything new or peculiar to this century or this generation in any such upheaval of old ladies militant.

The first fault is a natural one, and is only a part of that infinite conceit of London letters that makes English literature so amazingly provincial in tone—so world-wide in authority.

This calmly assumed prerogative of cockneys—Scottish or other—of measuring the acre of humanity from the self-centred pole of Grub Street, is so ponderously placed as to be impregnable to the attacks of even such forces as Edinburgh and Boston could once command.

We of Canada and America may grumble at times, or even argue, but as a rule we submit patiently enough. It is only when such as Mr. Chesterton—making an able effort to counteract the spread of smugness, falls into the pit of failing to inform the world what little local happening it is that points his pen, that we call a halt and cite evidence to show that we were not always expected or assumed to know instinctively the daily events of London's police court.

To prove this and to elucidate my second protest I beg to quote the following extract from the very first number of the *Illustrated London News*, May 14th, 1842.

A brace of Irish ladies came before Mr. Hardwick with all the evidences upon them of having been recently engaged in pugilistic contest.

The complainant had her face so tattooed by the nails of her adversary that she resembled a New Zealand squaw.

"Yer hanner," said Mrs. Ryan, the complainant, "I don't know Nelly Roche, barring she lives on the same flure. On Wednesday I was taking my bit of tay in me own room when in comes Nelly and without axing anybody's lave sits down behind me. 'A warm day, Mother Ryan,' says she. 'That's no news, Mother Roche,' says I. 'A cup of tay wouldn't do me any harm,' says she. 'You know best about that,' says I. Then, yer hanner, she sat for a minute without spaking, and then up she jumps and calls out: 'Bad luck to the woman that won't ax another to a cup of tay.' Then she ribands off me cap and scratches me face wid her five finger nails, till I'm able to stand up in me own definse."

There you have it. Bright, newsy, and definite.

You apprehend that we have no objection to the spinning of social evolutionary theories about these pugnacious sprouts of human nature—personally I delight in the mental creations of those who will paint you a life-sized panorama of Armageddon, with nothing but a dog fight as foundation. But we all want to hear about the dogs—size, color, breed and grip, and which was on top when the row began.

It is an atavistic thirst, this curiosity for detailed representation of little life struggles; but it must be considered and briefly stated ere we follow our philosopher into the realm of hypothetical happenings.

With that much acknowledged, we shall wait on his weekly thought waves in impatiently confident anticipations of joy—and he may rest assured that his well-earned salary shall not fail (so far as our sixpence goes) until his "rambling trains of meditation" slow down to a final stop.

And what happens then?

IN SKYLAND.

He who builds of his strong hands
Barns and houses on our lands,
In the empyrean still
Finds employment for his skill—
To the shepherd he has vowed
Sheepfolds for each fleecy cloud.

He who nothing makes, but mends
Broken wreckage—Peter sends
To the Angels' tire room, where
Tousled feathers seek repair ;
In this plumaging employ
Here he finds a nimble joy.

He who on the earthworld grows
Or the Lily or the Rose,
Shall, in stellar gardens, find
Floriculture to his mind,
Making of his work a play
Weeding down the Milky Way.

He who in the world gives pains
To the raising of his grains—
Painless, finds to his surprise
Fertile fields above the skies.
Hark ! when thunder storms prevail,
You may hear his heavy flail.

He whose lever giveth course
To the engine's mighty force,
Wields it yet, when life is spent,
In the spacious firmament.
See yon comet sweeping by—
'Tis the trunk line of the sky.

He whose fingers deft and quick
Guide the telegraphic "click,"
Finds a grander dot and dash
Where the black clouds break and flash,
Till the trembling lightning rods
Read the Morse code of the gods.

He who sings or bringeth mirth
To the toilers of the earth,
Soaring, finds the land above
Jovial, as becometh Jove—
And the music of the spheres
Rings harmonious to his ears.

He who bent his mind to teach
Young ideas how to reach
Up and outward, finds at hand
Pedagogy in demand—
Happy schools of cherubim
There are taught (not caned) by him.

He who feeds on others' work
Still in Heaven his share will shirk,
Till, a loathly parasite,
He shall learn the lesson right ;
Only those who do, and give,
Wax in growth, and, growing, live.

OF HIBERNIAN CHARACTER.

ON St. Patrick's day (it was a week ago) I was moved to wear a green necktie and a bunch of clover, and to dwell on things Hibernian.

There was a time, well in my memory, when the 17th of March was yearly made the fountain-head of a queer quarrelsome Siamese-twin sort of Irish patriotism that grew and swelled to a regular annual overflow about the middle of July, when heads were broken, and religious dogma was disputed very fervently by even the most unlettered of theologians.

This midsummer season of madness past, the survivors settled down to commerce and the arts for the remainder of the year, and until the following March Irishman smoked and joked with Irishman and cared not a bit on which side of Boyne water they stood.

Nowadays, this state of sanity is maintained from January to January, and those who love the Irish, and who remember the old ways, may thank God for that.

Musing in this wise, I couldn't help the following burst of song :

PAT CLANCY'S ROMANCE.

Pat Clancy came over, an immigrant lad,
To the wilds of the West from his dear Tipperary,
His hopes they were high, but his heart it was sad
When he fondly remembered his old mother, Mary.
And ah, but those moments indeed were forlorn,
When he dwelt on the beauties of hazel-eyed Nancy,

Who always had treated his passion with scorn
Till she sobbed a farewell to the errant Pat Clancy.

Pat Clancy was young, with the ardor of youth,
And hope thrilled his bosom with visions romantic,
But sore was the trouble that racked him, in sooth,
When he first felt the swell of the sullen Atlantic.
And ah, but those moments indeed were profound
When physical pain superseded sweet fancy,
And many's the hour that he wished himself drowned,
Till sea legs and spirits returned to Pat Clancy.

Pat Clancy was landed in fair Montreal,
With sighs for his home, and with some thoughts of
writing ;

But, faith, he had no gifts in that way at all,
And his fist was less fashioned for spelling than
fighting.

And ah, but those moments indeed were not nice
When he thought of Marconi and such necromancy.
He went to the office and asked them the price
Of a cable, and sure 'twas a shock to Pat Clancy.

Pat Clancy worked hard till he made his way West,
On cars or afoot, to the big boundless prairie,
Where work was a-plenty and wages the best,
But still his heart yearned for far-off Tipperary.
And ah, but those days were the dark o' the moon,
When he pictured the scenes of his happy infancy,
The peat perfumed hearth, where a little gossoon
Had dreamed the great deeds of a mighty Pat Clancy.

Pat Clancy pushed on, by his loneliness urged,
Till he came to the sea, and the Isle of Vancouver,
And there on the beach, where the wild breakers surged,
The sea and the sun soothed the soul of the lover.

And ah, but those moments were dolefully sweet,
When he staked him a ranch, and took occupancy,
With a cabin and all, but to make it complete
Sure a wife was the needfullest want of Pat Clancy.

Pat Clancy went out with his spade, honest soul,
To dig him a well, for he never was lazy ;
But when he uncovered a stratum of coal
He sang " Kilaloo " to escape going crazy.
And ah, but those moments were joyfully proud,
When his fortune permitted the extravagancy
Of cabling home to Miss Nancy O'Dowd
To bring the old mother and all to Pat Clancy.

Pat Clancy now dwells in this best of green isles,
In a snug little house safe from famine and weather,
And the good fairy Fortune has nothing but smiles
For Clancy and Nancy and Mary together.
And ah, but those moments were proudly elate
When the stork (as he does in all well told romances,
In the poorest of huts or the halls of the great)
Brought a twin boy and girl to the home of the Clancys.

OF FENCES.

I HAVE a hazy recollection of some scriptural admonition that runs something as follows:—

“It needs be that high fences must come, but woe to him by whom the high fence cometh.” The importance of this warning, brought home to us very tangibly here in Victoria, sometimes leads to an extreme vision of limitless parks, fence-free and unbroken by rigid lines of aggressive ownership—a civic campaign of green slopes and gardened terraces dotted with dwellings dropped from the skies in careful disregard of geometric conventions.

That this was an extreme view, and not a fair ideal of unattainable perfection, we have always instinctively felt; and it tends to the crystallisation of one’s unfixed and nebulous doctrine, to find so cosmopolitan an authority as Henry James pleading to his earlier countrymen for a moderate and distinct tribute of reverence to the infinitely fine line where home boundaries meet and melt.

I quote from his recent “Autumn Impressions”—the record of a revisit to New England.

“Few fresh circumstances struck me as falling more happily into the picture than this especial decency of the definite, the palpable affirmation and belated delimitation of college yard.

“The high, decorated, recurrent gates and the still insufficiently high iron palings—may appear in spots, extemporised and thin; but that signifies little in presence of the precious idea on the side of which, in the

land of the 'open door,' the all abstract outline, the timid term and the general concession, they bravely range themselves. The open door—as it figures here in respect to everything but trade, may make a magnificent place, but it makes poor places; and in places, despite our large mist of privacy, we must content ourselves with living.

"This especial drawing of the belt at Harvard is an admirably interesting example of the way in which the formal enclosure of objects of interest immediately refines upon their interest, immediately establishes values. The enclosure may be impressive from without but from within it is delicious; nothing is more curious than to trace in the aspects so controlled the effect of their established relation to it. This resembles, in the human or social order, the improved situation of the landling who has discovered his family or of the actor who has mastered his part.

You will gather from this easily enough, although James is not famous for lucidity (Gertrude Atherton wrote to him the other day: "Dear Mr. James,—I was so pleased to read your review of my little effort, 'Rulers of Kings.' Kindly write and tell me whether you liked it or not")—you will gather from his lightly sketched picture of a college fence, something of the delicacy with which this "decency of the definite" must be indicated; something of the formal value of a defined periphery to our privacy; something of recognised and absolute finality to the home area, unmistakeable in purpose while unaggressive in effect.

We step apart here entirely from all consideration of title and question of ownership—giving to the occupying tenant full and sweeping authority over his own. If an Englishman's house is his castle so is his lawn, garden or

yard his empire, and the paling stands as a signal of tacit agreement between himself and the outer world.

There is to be no trespass here from without, no marauding excursion from within; the bounds of his dominion, invisible in themselves, are here set up visibly, and this tangible evidence to the occupant and to his neighbors carries the same responsibility abroad and at home, and conveys the same subtle sense of personality as does the flag of his nation. The fence, indeed, in its expression of personality may be more aptly likened to a garment, of more enduring years than fall to mere clothing; such as the self-built and self-moulding shell of the Nautilus, a boundary fence or covering that gives a fairer, fuller rendition of the wonderful growth within than any sole study of the tenant body would bring. And as the sea urchin, the crab, the pearl oyster, and the caddis only receive their full meed of wondering admiration when the symbolism of the shell is considered, so the varied haunts and homes of man may not be fairly appreciated until the unique individuality of each one is traced and deciphered in the matter and spirit of its surrounding cincture.

The atmosphere of the home is contained, measured and unified by its limitations as the strength and mystery of the invisible seas are traced and read along the fringes of the beach.

From the villas of ancient Rome whose boundaries were solemnly set with statues of chosen gods, to the rough half clearing of the forest settler surrounded by crude snake fencing—something of character and condition is readily translatable from the enclosure to its limiting wall and from wall to enclosure.

The rugged stone dyke of a well-tilled farm, the red brick wall of an ancient orchard, the trim white palings

about some thrifty vegetable garden, the wrought iron formality guarding the front of Midas' mansion of prosperity, the green hedge of well-to-do nature lovers or the modest flower-festooned panels of lesser affluence alike suggest more than a little of the life and spirit of those dwelling within. So, too, do the high gloomy barriers that shut the prying eye from the pessimistic privacy of prisoners, madmen and cynics.

Better a snake fence than such as this.

Did you ever hear who invented the snake fence ? You know the sort, a lot of rails laid lengthwise in a zig-zag fashion, and piled five feet high in such a manner that they break down when you try to climb over with your gun. This lets you in for damages.

THE SNAKE FENCE.

When Eve and Adam were expelled
 (Say, rather, emigrated),
A barbed wire fence they first beheld,
 Strong, high, and iron gated.
It kept them out of Paradise,
 I need not tell you how, sirs,
But who would climb a barbed wire twice
 When wearing figleaf trousers ?
Enough—they staunched their wounds and turned
 Their unused hands to labor,
They felled and slashed and stumped and burned
 And—quarrelled with a neighbor.
This neighbor was a common clown,
 One of the Nodland peasants—
And once when Adam was in town
 He came and shot their pheasants.

In vain Eve threatened what would hap
 When eve brought home her Adam—
 "I do not give," so sneered the chap,
 "Adam for Adam, Madam !
 "There ain't no use in raising Cain,
 Just 'cause you come from Eden,
 I shot the birds—they're mine, that's plain,
 Don't care who done the breedin'."
 So off he went and Adam came
 Home from his weekly market,
 He promised comfort to his dame,
 "Our section line, we'll mark it.
 "And when we have it well defined
 "We'll build"—he blushed with loathing—
 "You know ! That time we left behind
 Some fragments of our clothing."
 So hard at work they went to mark
 The limits of their section,
 North, east, south, west, from dawn till dark,
 They chained and made connection.
 "And now," cried Adam, "for the fence !
 Trespass must be prevented !"
 Alas—for all their fond intents
 Barbed wire was not invented !
 They sought it up, they sought it down,
 They telegraphed, desiring
 A bolt of wire, but none in town
 Had ever heard of wiring.
 When angry Adam wept for wire,
 Eve comforted and kissed him ;
 "Cheer up, old man, and douse your ire,
 We'll try the wireless system.
 I'll ask a lawyer friend of mine
 His counsel shrewd to lend us,

Altho' his ways are serpentine,
His wisdom is tremendous."
The lawyer came with slimy speed—
Cheerfully optimistic—
"What ! Build a fence of wire ? Indeed,
'Twere too anachronistic.
Rail not, that your wire-pulling fails—
Wires are not worth bewailing—
Go split me now a pile of rails,
And we will turn to railing.
"So—lay them thus, and thus," said he.
They followed his directions,
And built about their boundary
The weirdest of erections.
It zigged northwest, it zagged northeast,
With wiggles, tacks and doubies,
Much like the slippy, spineless beast
Who shared their Eden troubles .

• • • • •
The Nodman saw the fence and fled.
The post brought down from Babel
Their lawyer's bill—they laughed and said,
"We'll pay it—when we're Abel."

OF DUKES AND HOTELS.

WITH the end of last week came another shock from Russia, and the Grand Duke Sergius was (literally) gathered to his fathers. Is there a Russian Poet Laureate ? I think not. They have a censor instead, and the motto *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, applied in the form of black smudges spread over objectionable publications, will be the national epitaph—and dirge.

There is none in Russia to chant as Tennyson did for our Great Duke :—

Bury the Grand Duke
With an Empire's execration—
Go and bury the Grand Duke
To the noise and horror of assassination ;
Warning ere your leaders fall,
With bloodstained writing on the wall,
Where terror stalks thro' Palace and Hall.

Where shall we lay this thing that was our fear ?
Within the walls of Moscow—lay him here,
In the frozen Kremlin yard.
Dig his grave, and set the guard
Twice doubled, lest the people come too near.

Lead out the pageant ; false but proud,
As fits the Hero who had cowed,
So many years, this cursing crowd.
And let the black draped stallions, slowly led,
Bear on with heavy tread
The last great Russian dead.

Who is he that cometh in his funeral car
With nodding plumes of purple, the mourning of
a Tsar,
To dwell with me in the Kremlin, where the
Empire-makers are ?

Terrible Ivan, this is one
Of those that sit about thy throne ;
Three hundred years ago thou mad'st the name
Of Czar, and passed it down to those who came
Thereafter. Hark ! the bugles blow
To let thine ancient Empire know,
Thy war-won lands of Astrakhan,
Siberia and far Kazan,
That here is woe !
Hark ! to the muffled sob of Moscow's bell,
And bid our Hero welcome, he will tell
His story of a hundred fights—
This Prince of Muscovites.

Ivan ! this is one of those
Whose ardor in pursuit of foes
Is never dimmed, e'en tho' they meet
The van of Britain's fishing fleet.
This is one whose martial sword
Was drawn (by proxy) 'gainst the band
Of yellow dwarfs, who dared demand
That Russia keep her word.
This is one who sabred back
The unarmed, priest-led, peasant pack,
That in the streets bare-headed stood
Begging for peace, till bathed in blood.

And this is one who fled
As did the Czar, affrighted by the dead ;

The frozen dead—at home, abroad, in hosts
At night they came, pale faced and awful ghosts,
To mow and gibber round the Royal bed.

So down to Moscow came
The last Grand Duke of the name,
And the snow-banked streets were not more white
Than his brow, with fright.
The streets of Moscow were silent and covered
with snow,
And the sun sank low,
And a strange light was shed,
Tingeing, staining, dyeing the snow with red,
And the Grand Duke read too late
His horrible fate.
A horrible victim of his country's horrible hate.
And the red snow stank
When the sun of Russia's oligarchy sank.

But let him go in peace. He leaves trouble enough
behind, and even the widows of Hull can pity Russia now.

His ways are not our ways, nor his country our country,
and we may thank God for that.

Although we have troubles of our own, even in Canada,
beneath the placid surface of things that hold C. P. R.
at 140 and thereabouts, there is, I grieve to say, an un-
dercurrent of vexatious argument concerning a name for
the new hotel.

Anxious (as always) to help, I have taken counsel with
a few poetic souls, thro' the courtesy of Mme. X., palm
culturist and ghost rapper, and induced them to offer
suggestions

William Shakespeare refused to advise, merely in-
quiring "What's in a name?" and arguing that "A rose

by any other name would smell as sweet ; why gild refined gold, or paint the lily ? ”

Others were more generous and did their best to provide a title, distinctive, well-sounding, and of some local color ; as the style of Chateau Frontenac so nobly fills similar requirements in Quebec.

E. A. Poe was weird and indefinite as usual :

If my spirit should dwell in a lovely Hotel,
In a beautiful town by the sea—
(As might easily happen to me,
For Spirits go everywhere free)—
I would ask of the clerk ere I plunged in the dark,
What the name of his Palace might be ?
I would ask ere I fled to my Stygian bed
What the name of the Hostel might be ?

For my spirit would yearn for a timely return
To that beautiful town by the sea,
(And its name I would treasure with glee,
And set it to sweet melodee).
What a pain I should feel, if he met my appeal,
With “ They call it the Hotel C. P.”
What a shock to my heart, if he drew me apart
And whispered “ The Hotel C. P.”

Tom Moore gave the following, which requires music to do it justice :

Oh ! call it by some lovelier name,
For “ Mud Flats ” sounds too cold ;
“ Hotel James Bay ” would frighten fame,
“ The Shack ” would bring no gold ;
And “ Shaughnessy,” tho’ Irish, seems
Not quite the name to use,

'Twould start the night clerk from his dreams,
But would not wake the Muse.

Imagine something grander far
Than Mud or Shack or Bay,
Whose fame would please the world afar,
Yet local, quite, as they ;
Whose bugle notes when called aloud
Would resonantly fall
Athwart the struggling tourist crowd—
“ 'Bus for the Douglas Hall ! ”

Byron, characteristically egotistical, raps as follows—

You want your hotel named ? A common want ;
'Tis very hard to find a decent new one,
Distinctive, local. 'Tis enough to daunt
Your minor poets, and to spur a true one
To enterprise. I do not wish to vaunt
My powers, but still, you know, I wrote Don
Juan,
A work of which I'm still a little proud.
You all have read it (not perhaps, aloud).
And Juan's is the best name you could choose
Of poesy and fame, excepting Haidee's ;
And that—Victorians could scarcely use,
Not having much to do with Grecian ladies,
So far as I know. There is little news
Of you, or scandal, reaches us in Hades
(Where I'm supposed to dwell), so few come down
To live here after shuffling off your town.
No matter ! You have asked me for a name,
And Juan, I have answered. Not the Don,
But he who had to wait for tardy fame
Three hundred years before you stencilled on

Your coastwise charts the style of him who came
Half mad, all hero, sailing, sailing on,
Up through your unknown Straits in his felucca.
Give honor, you, to old Juan de Fuca.

Tennyson, in Spenserian stanzas, is prophetic :

"Courage," he said, and steered toward the shore
His gallant bark, "The Princess." "Soon the land
Will greet your footsteps ; *mal de mer* no more
With sharp distress will mock you when you stand
Within the famed Hotel." On either hand
Crowded the mild-eyed passengers to see
The granite causeway and the Hostel grand,
Facing the sunset in the western sea ;
And one cried out "Behold, our Island Ilahee !"

The Island Ilahee was all of stone
Soft tinted as a misty autumn morn,
In uncloaked majesty it stood alone,
A pearly Venus from the ocean born,
Whose naked beauty nothing could adorn
Save the long ripples of caressing foam.
Fair was the sight to travellers forlorn,
And all together sang : "Our Island home
Forever more is here, we will no longer roam."

OF PARLIAMENTS (PROVINCIAL).

RUMORS have reached me (for I seldom read the papers) from time to time of a House in session and about to rise, or risen. No "Kyrie eleison" this—quite another sort of rising; more reminiscent of the fermented swelling of sour-dough bread—all puff and wind until well fired.

We shall be sorry to lose the members of this "court sederunt of the session," for individually they are a companionable lot who play many games well and lose or win with equal cheer. As lawmakers, their quality will have to be passed on by those who know something about the matter.

Personally, except for some slight legislation concerning the cut of my beard, I have been so little affected by their doings that they might have risen and gone home before ever they sat down almost without my knowing it.

And a good few civil servants who have incautiously added to their families, on a salary stationary for some years past, are equally ignorant of anything having been done.

THE ELEGY OF A MOCK PARLIAMENT.

The Budget bids the buoyant band good-bye,
The Parties part, to pack and homeward wend
In noisy flocks, as loud across the sky
The northing honkers greet their journey's end.

Where once a blaze of lamps, now dismal sparks
Light the dim Halls, all silent in the mirk,
Save where the doubtful Deputies and clerks
In cynic mood take up their tale of work.

In that vast room, majestic and profound
With fishing nets acoustically spread,
At forty cubits from the trembling ground,
To break the echoes thundering overhead,

Where once the fathers of the province met
To roar in rude debate, or softly sleep,
The blinds are drawn, and all in order set—
None enters now, save him who comes to sweep.

No more the haughty legislators stride
The marble halls, nor pause beneath the dome
To greet with simple condescending pride
Some suppliant voter from his country home.

No more the all-night sessioners at morn
Strut townward o'er the ramparts of the Bay
To their hotels, where, to the manner born,
They called for Mumm's to moist the coming day.

Let not vain Wisdom scorn their vanished court,
Their chartermongering skill, axe-grinding craft,
Nor vapid Virtue hear with angry snort
The weakly whispered annals of their graft.

For what can Wisdom, what can Virtue give ?
An epitaph—and peace of mind—perhaps ;
But, after all, your M. P. P. must live,
And paths political are paved with traps.

Can honest purpose win the ballot's word
From polling booths fed by a party purse ?
Can brains unbribed withstand Damocles' sword
That threatens loss of power and place—and worse.

Perhaps in this dim vaulted Hall once beat
Sound hearts beneath an unembroidered vest,

With honest heads, and hands that clutched to meet
And throttle all that was not of the best.

But theirs was not the skill to know the Truth
In all her aspects—whether weak with years
Or color blind, or plastic yet in youth,
They faltered to a level with their peers

Full many a gem the bye-election gleans,
Whose lustre dims with burning midnight oil,
Full many a patriot, born to park and park
Here swaps his pottage for the victor's spoil.

Here have we seen some liliputian C.
Who never fled to Tsarskoe-Selo's sham
Some Joseph, blameless as Dame Potiph
Some Cromwell, guiltless of Olalla's name.

Some mild Altrurian, whose plans unique
To give three acres and a cow to all,
Were long delayed, altho' when Greek met Greek,
Held the balance in this social Hall.

Far from the maddening clamor of the crowd,
In still committee rooms, they learned their art,
To whisper solid facts, to shout aloud
State fallacies of platitudinous art.

Yet, even so, the spirit of regret
Still hangs reluctant o'er the final scene
And spreads a veil whereby one may find
Their faults, in sighing for

For who by cabal or intrigue
Forced to resign, tho
Could leave the precincts
Without one pang of agony.

Kind reader, do not laugh,
When conscience rectitude becometh late
The only graven epitaph
That is to come beneath yon Hawthorne's waite.

THE EPITAPH

urn reposes what remain
Of principle and policy and plan
Whose loss is still the people's gain,
Not only in that he was man.
Laid here, his language noice,
Who he blithely made his way ;
He left all he had—his voice !
For 'twas all he wisht—his pay.
Nearer the fountain source,
Of the truest ship—for here was one
Whom caution ever kept the careful course
From naught that could be left undone.

OF GRIZZLY BEARS.

Speaking of Americans, we have recently read a letter from W. T. Hornaday of New York, in which the eminent naturalist makes a strong appeal for the better protection of big game in British Columbia.

He refers in particular to the hunting grounds of East Kootenay, where the wapiti still lingers, and files a special plea on behalf of the grizzly bear!

Protection for the grizzly bear when it is a toss-up between the bears and the prospectors of Kootenay, as to whether biped or quadruped gets the biggest annual bag!

When it comes to grizzlies, we are convinced Cobdenites.

URSUS HORRIBILIS.

Huntsman, hold! and Sportsman, pause!

Ere you speed the fatal lead
Into him whose kindly claws
Never scalped your thoughtless head.

Tho' he chase you now, perchance,
'Tis but playful, harmless fun;
Do not end the merry dance
With the bullet from your gun.

Play the game, and climb a tree,
Where, until the day is o'er,
You may hear the melody
Of a Grizzly Bruin's roar.

Huntsman, refuged up a pine,
Smiling blandly on the brute,
What a joyous heart is thine,
Thankful that thou did'st not shoot.

Think, what mighty sport were here,
Had our ancestors not pinked
With stone arrows, such a queer
Lot of mammals now extinct.

Had primeval man been checked
By a well framed code of law
Calculated to protect
All the mild carnivora.

From the limb you're perched upon,
You to-day might well have seen
Mammoth, yea, and Mastodon,
Browsing o'er the woodland green.

Nay, you might have dodging fled
To a coign of greater height
From the Cetiosaurus' head,
Raised ten fathoms for a bite.

And you might have felt a thrill
When the Megatherium
Poised to make a springing kill
Ere you went to Kingdom Come.

Of these joys, alack-a-day !
You were robbed by your forebears ;
Listen then to Hornaday,
And protect your Grizzly Bears.

To your tree top, Huntsman mine,
Tightly cling, and so protect
Him who waits beside the pine
Till you tumble, broken necked.

OF FORMAL VERSES.

HAVING carelessly promised to give specimen examples of some of the many forms into which tame poetry is compressed, I have to-day taken up the Villanelle, and have endeavoured to set its rules to a time and rhyme conformable to its own definition.

The Villanelle—as the Ballade, the Rondeau and others—has its very definite rules and fixed measure of formation—few, other than amateurs, know how limiting these rules may be.

Even to-day in the most unsuspected quarters one may find snippets of verse entitled Sonnets and bearing the approval of eminent editors who are evidently ignorant that fourteen ten-syllabled lines, rhymed in careful and approved order, are among the first of the qualifications that distinguish the Sonnet from the Limerick.

And this is not saying that there is any reason why the poet should tie himself down to this or any other specially selected model.

To those who care for song, there is little enough in these set pieces of fixed form and formal style.

Although established at an age and in a country where the art of rhyming stood above that of prospectus-writing, and where wit was worthier than wealth, one wonders whether the fashion leaders were not blind incompetents playing on drums and checking the music of orchestras rather than creators of harmony.

Only this much may be admitted, that if you do set your song to any special measure and call it by that name,

you should do so carefully and with decent awe of each syllable and each rhyme.

And now for an example :

THE VILLANELLE.

The Villanelle is quaint and neat,
The rhymes that run therein are twain,
Of bell-like music, clear and sweet.

Three lines each stanza doth complete
Five times—the last doth four contain.
The Villanelle is quaint and neat.

Alternately the thirds repeat,
Soft echoing the twinned refrain
Of bell-like music, clear and sweet.

So verse on verse, with even feet,
Swings easily and turns again—
The Villanelle is quaint and neat.

And those who love the French conceit
Of rhyme, may learn without disdain
Of bell-like music, clear and sweet.

From fair Provence this old receipt
Is here transcribed and written plain—
The Villanelle is quaint and neat,
Of bell-like music, clear and sweet.

• • • • •

A ballade calls for three eight-versed stanzas and a refrain—with three rhymes, consecutively repetitive throughout, and an *envoi* of fixed principles.

ch

A BALLADE OF OAK BAY LINKS.

Green is the sward about our Bay,
And blue to far infinity
The waters spread away, away
To where the grey sky greets the sea—
On these high banks I love to be
Alone with the unlonely shore—
Here oft I muse, till comes to me
The far-flung caddy cry of "Fore!"

At that proud moment when the day
Has topped the highest hills, and free
Of noxious clouds, those spires of clay
Shine forth in snow-clad purity.
When awed of Nature's majesty,
Sense, soul and mind in raptures soar,
'Tis sad to hear, and hearing, flee
The far-flung caddy cry of "Fore!"

I do not love the Bloodhound's bay,
The angry buzz of Wasp or Bee;
A bellowing Bull is my dismay,
I hate the whooping Apachee;
I shudder when the weird Banshee
Comes keening to my chamber door,
But worse, to my timidity,
The far-flung caddy cry of "Fore!"

• • • • •

Envoi.

Prince, if you graced your gallows tree
With "foursomes" half a score or more,
'Twould quell for all eternity
The far-flung caddy cry of "Fore!"

I have been trying for some hours to prepare a suitable composition in the grand old five rhymed form of a Chant Royal.

This requires not only a worthy subject, careful arrangement of the five roads by which you approach your refrain, delicate handling of rhyme and metre, but also perfect peace and uninterrupted tranquility.

And my door bell rings every twenty minutes-with the following result :

CHANT ROYAL.

When in my Den . . . ll dark, or dimly lit,
I linger o'er the thoughts that float to me
Thro' rhythmic waves of rhyme, by winged wit
Upheld, impelled, and guided carefully—
When in this mood I grasp a phrase, and when
I stab it thro' and thro' with piercing pen
That splutters as it utters what I write,
The while my spirit with emotion sings
In that my hand hath captured from the flight
Of precious words—What's that ? Again, to-night ?
That Bell annoys me every time it rings !

I know not if your mind may fathom it,
This puzzle that I cannot wholly see—
The why and wherefore that a little bit
Of ringing metal should so disagree
With all my moods and tenses. Now and then
I argue thus : If all the world of men
Had tastes alike to mine, and appetite
For self-same sounds, there would be no such things
As front door bells—alas, my hapless plight !
Howe'er to others it may bring delight,
That Bell annoys me every time it rings !

Noises of many kinds there are—to wit,
“The watchdog’s honest bark” (as sang Lord B.),
The crow of cock, the caterwaul of kit,
The caged canary’s endless melody,
The cackle of an egg-creating hen,
The clang of clocks that waken one at ten,
What time the brain needs rest to set all right—
Yea, these and more of homely utterings
I know, but none so cruelly excite
My evil thoughts, nor so my good ones blight—
That Bell annoys me every time it rings :

Some Bells of other sort, I must admit
There are, that tinkle less unpleasantly—
As when low music summons me to sit
Before the breakfast board with toast and tea,
Or when the dinner gong, with loud “Amen,”
Rounds off the day of dusty toil. Again,
I love to hear those chimes whose steepled height
Throbs distantly with fluttering of wings
All of a Sabbath morn. But different quite
My feelings when the door bell does me spite.
That Bell annoys me every time it rings !

’Tis not alone the Bailiff with a writ
Whose entry jars me—nor that hideous he,
The Taxman—nay, it matters not a whit
Who rings, the ring itself is what I dree—
And tho’ I rise and loudly cry “Open !”
And greet with smiles th’ invaders of my Den,
I must confess—tho’ all in silken white
Fair ladies come with floral offerings,
Or five o’clocking men in garb polite,
Or bores unasked, or those whom I invite—
That Bell annoys me every time it rings !

Envoy.

Prince ! (that's my dog!) If thou a collar bright
Would'st win, that well befits a son of kings,
All cloth of gold, embossed with malachite,
Guard well my doorway—do not bark, but bite !
That Bell annoys me every time it rings !

OF HATS AND EGGS.

HERE comes Easter, and a very busy time it is with hen and hatter—both mad with pride, and offering something absolutely fresh and new.

Nothing like it under the sun; just arrived from Paris and ready for the incubator; cackle, cackle, cackle.

Most amazing thing, how few people have the courage to stand by common-sense and declare for the comfort that goes with one's old and tried belongings—old friends, old wine, old clothes, old times, old hats, old eggs—. But no! Eggs at least must come to the palate with a virginal simplicity that precludes any past.

I wonder (a common condition of mine) whether the feminine taste in hats is as delicate and easily offended a sense as that of the masculine for omelets and poached?

If so—and it may be so—it were less cruelty to dish one's husband a mess of overdue February settings for an Easter breakfast, than to send one's wife to the morrow's service with her fair cheeks shadowed in revamped millinery of last year. But is the feminine taste as firm? I doubt it. The roughest of male gourmands will balk at the merest hint of feather in his scrambled or soft boiled, but where is the woman who shudders to find her spring headgear garnished with plumage a yard long?

And after all, eggs are as cents (not scents) to dollars, compared with hats.

Let us discuss pleasanter matters.

A SONG OF SHAWNIGAN.

Last night I closed my eyes and dreamed
Of youthful days and all o' that,
And idle thro' the forest seemed
To climb the hills o' Malahat.

The sallal bushes tripped my knees,
I laughed to feel the cling o' them ;
I thrust my hands against the trees
In pride that I was king o' them.

I wandered o'er a beaten trail
Till Grousie came in mother wrath,
With feathers fuffed and spreading tail,
She drove me to another path.

An old lost logging road I took,
Where oak fern grew and maidenhair ;
It led me by a tumbling brook
That cooled the summer-laden air.

Thro' hemlock groves and cedar bowers,
By laughing rills and lonely streams,
I loitered all the twilight hours,
Nor knew that they were only dreams.

• • • • •

But glaring morn has filled her throne,
The visions fair are gone again,
And I am left to live alone
On memories o' Shawnigan.

Enough ! I'll trust to dreams no more,
Nor dwell on memories merely,
I'm off to camp beside the shore
That mirrors Heaven so clearly.

At eve I'll mark the nursing doe
Steal to her hungry fawn again,
Soft bleating 'neath the bracken low
That lines the banks o' Shawnigan.

And to another morn I'll wake,
At summons o' the dawn again,
To plunge me in the cleansing lake,
The lovely Lake o' Shawnigan.

VERSES IN SUNDRY KEYS

VICTORIA.

January 22nd, 1901.

HARK to that dismal tolling
From Ludgate and the Strand,
Its throbbing echoes rolling
Throughout a weeping land.
So far the mournful tiding
Is chanted by St. Paul's,
In man's utmost abiding
The clanging message falls.

“ Put off that circlet golden,
She is no more of earth,
Man's eyes have not beholden
The crowning of her worth.
Weep silently, O Nation,
With tempered sorrowing,
Her heavenly coronation
This day the angels sing.

“ The hand that held the sceptre
So woman-wise below,
Now claspeth His who kept her
His own through toil and woe.
Though threescore years she centred
The world's arenic ring,
No venom'd shaft e'er entered
Her virtue's armoring.

“ Grieve not that Death hath broken
The fetters of a throne,
The word of God is spoken
And Christ hath called His own.

Be comforted my people,
His ways ye cannot know,"
So chimed the belfried steeple
To those all hush'd below.

But even yet a sobbing
Is heard across the seas,
And heart with heart is throbbing
Throughout the Colonies.
They cannot give another
The love that was her own,
Who was the only mother
The younger sons have known.

• • • • •

THE RED STAR AND IRON CASK.

A Résumé.

If there's one fact that's apparent
To the thoughtful British parent
As worthy of transmitting from the father to the kid,
'Tis the logical foundation
Of the Anglo-Saxon nation
That law is law and right is right, and Justice must be did.

Which it happens in the mountains
That we sometimes tap the fountains
Of justice à la Mining Law (and pay for it like men);
And so for British glory
I'll put you up the story
Of a fracas which the like of it may not occur again.

It was Evil-pork the seller,
Of rye whiskey—and a feller
Called the "Colonel from Spokane" had bought con-
tagious mining claims;
And a difference of opinion
Re the laws of this Dominion
Resulted in their hauling off and calling naughty names.

But as they were merely spasms
They soon dropped their crude sarcasms
And stoping out their pocket books retained such legal
lights
As were strong on Extra Lateral
And could (for good collateral)
Amend the woe of torted Doe and win for Roe his rights.

Doe opened up the function
By securing an injunction
Which Roe had quashed and Doe in turn the quashing
got annulled,
But with six months' hocus pocus
Things were sorted to a focus
And from the facts in evidence these postulates were
culled :

(Taken subject to exception
For a higher court's inspection)
Both claims were bad locations and improperly transferred,
Staked by miners without license,
Unrecorded—in a high sense
The claims were proved invalid—non-existent is the
word.

But (and here the court recanted)
Since the claims were both Crown-granted
It might be shown they *did* exist in spite of law and fact.
So the court doth now decide that
Litigants be notified that
The game is up to them with costs according to the Act.

Tho' the feud was now a stand-off
Neither party had command of
Sense and temper quite sufficient for to call the game a
draw.

So they played the bank wide open
And when rich men get a copin'
It's pie for honest witnesses and minions of the law.

Counsel, barrister, conveyor,
Mining engineer, surveyor,
The analyst, the rubberneck, the expert from the South,

Broker, jumper, miner, mucker,
Mining shark and mining sucker
Made a living for a season by the shooting of their mouth.

'Twas the Roe brigade which had a
Mining expert from Nevada
To show how veins by shearing, their schistosity acquire,
And by tests experimental
To expound the fundamental
And scientific principle that Doe's man was a liar.

But the Doe man (King of experts)
Gave the court selected excerpts
From his work on "Neo-Geolog"—or "How them
Rocklets grow,"

And with logic quite impressive
Proved the fissures were compressive
With parallel filtrations from the magma tank below.

Then with profile, plan and section
Did the plaintiff prove connection
Of ore from adit level three with vein in Red Star winze
Cinching every demonstration
With a black-board calculation
(The weary judge he groaned aloud, and listened—for
his sins).

But defendant with a model
Made it clear to any noddle
That dip and strike continued on an oriented plane
Would when properly projected
Show the bodies disconnected
(The weary judge he groaned aloud and listened in his pain).

Space at my command prohibits
Any list of the exhibits
From A & B to X Y Z and twenty thousand more—

But the clerk who did the filing
Now, they say, is busy piling
Imaginary documents upon a padded floor.

Leaving him with his delusion
We must haste to our conclusion,
The judge's wise decision when the last long speech was
said.

Well, to give it in a trice—he
Took the matter *sub-judice*—
While the lawyers went to Europe, and the litigants—
to bed.

L'Envoi.

Doe and Roe, much out of pocket
Each a leg loose in its socket
Came together by appointment—and here my language
fails,
For—I tell it to my sorrow—
Roe and Doe from me did borrow
A silver doi. to arbitrate with good old heads and tails.

HOW WE KEPT THE SPEED LAW FROM OAK BAY TO VICTORIA

(With apologies to the shade of Robert Browning)

I SHUT off my throttle, and Thomas and B.
I tootled, B. tootled, we tootled all three !
" Good speed ! " called the milk waggon, thundering past ;
" I will see you next week if you don't go too fast ! "
As we turned up the avenue half after eight
And tooled toward town at a strict legal gait.

It was no time for banter, we crawled three abreast
Till the Richmond Hill grade gave our brake legs a rest.
We threw in low gear and I heard B. say " Damn "
As a nurse sauntered by with a kid in a pram.
The maid and the babe looked us over with scorn
But I glared straight ahead, hooting hard with the horn.

At Belcher, a street-car came up from behind
And the driver gave Thomas a piece of his mind
For blocking legitimate traffic—at last
We hove into Rockland and let him go past—
And we envied the conquering clang of his gong
As he spun loose the brake and the Tram shot along.

We breasted the East side of Dumbleton's Dip
With a grumble and sputter and slither and slip,
Till just by Jones' Oak B. said, " Oh what's the use ? "
So he geared into speed, gave a kick to the juice
And rushed Hochelaga with high honking horn
Like a soul borne aloft by the spirits of morn.

But Thomas and I took it slow—by the hour,
With much waste of gas and hard choking of power,
Till, hot and indignant, our Cadillacs topped
The main Rockland summit, half dead but uncopped.
Here we paused for a second to glance at the Bay
And the green panorama below us that lay.

Thomas turned from the view with a tear in his eye—
And a pipe in his mouth—" You must do it or die !
" You must do it alone ! For my plugs have gone wrong,
" And I'll surely bust up if I don't push along !"
So he wheeled with a clatter through Craigdarroch gates,
And hit the high spots as he passed on to Yates.

Then heedless of mockers who jeered as they passed,
I lessened my spark, set the brake at half mast,
Held the clutch with my hoof, and all patiently sat
And cooled off the friction by fanning my hat—
But at Crook Street I met with a mounted Police
Whom I called on for help with a bucket of grease.

Like a man and a brother he galloped to Styles
Who came to my aid, and the last groaning miles
Of Fort Street and Douglas were done at a crawl;
But she never got past the Municipal Hall,
For the long day was gone, and the coming of night
Saw my good steed impounded, for lacking a light.

POST PRANDIUM.

No more ? Then fill your pipe—Here's T. and B.
Sliced by a well-ground axe. No Sheffield knife
Or patent shaving tool will peel a curl
So thinly fine. Nay, never strike a match !
This red hot coal that once was rugged bark
Will do the trick—So ! press it slowly home
(Not with your thumb, as I, your skin is soft)
But hold it gently with a chip of wood
And breathe, and taste the sap of Douglas Fir
Far filtered through the magic nicotine
And slow distilled to dreams of woodland peace,
Of summer nights on moonlit mountain lakes,
Of Autumn's hazy morn and drowsy noon
That shortens to a frosty twilight time
When camp fire warmth is good—

So smoke away.

I'll rinse the dishes off and talk a while
As one is prone to talk whose solitude
At rare long intervals is looped apart
With links of friendly intercourse—'Tis strange
How strong the yearnings of the human soul
For confidence—reciprocal perhaps,
But more inclined to give than to receive,
As more inclined to utter than to hear
The word of others. When the mind is such
One pours and pours, nor heeds the weary nod
Of him whose listening ear is overfilled
And numbed with sounding volume—
Pity—but so it is. 'Twere better much

To use no tongue at all, but write in ink
For those to read who would what you would say.
Then might the listener hold the helm and steer
His course at will among the sandy shoals
Of your opinions—shun the tide-topped rocks
Of half your argument, and ware the reefs
Of jagged merriment that you call wit.
Yea, close the covers down and end the cruise
When lee shores threatened or the doldrums bored.

Unless by chance

Somewhere between the islands he espy
An open vista shaping out to sea
Blue in the skylight, silver in the sun
And flashing all with breezy dancing waves,
Not ink at all but living language where
Apt word and happy thought across the page
Go arm in arm, each helping each along—

There's the great charm of books.

You browse among
The margined chapters, scarcely taking pains
To cut the leaves or probe a tangled phrase
For fruits half hidden by the underbrush
Of literary style and verbiage

Till—at your feet

While stooping for a berry you perceive
A ruby, diamond—something that you know
Is all your own, and recognise as yours
Though larger, brighter, maybe, than before.
“It's mine!” you cry, and then “How came it here?”
And then you seek for more, and read again
And yet again, to find and touch the heart
Of him who all unknown, from the outworld
Stole in and deftly pricked your silent soul.

Oh—books!

Yes, books are good—and camp-fire warmth is good—
But, differing so far, I sometimes think
As North from South.

One represents the pole
Of man's mentality, aloof from laws
Of time and space—The azimuth of life
In that rare void of four dimensioned planes
Where oneness ranges to infinity
And you and I may multiply our moons
Of slow experience, by all the years
Of our ancestral selves and living kin—

The other surely marks
The hedgeway bounds of Now—the sense complete
Of physical *I am* in kind repose
Of self-won affluence and well-earned joy !
The wood burns brightly (which your muscles bore
From yon great Tamarac your axe has hewn)
And in the yellow compass of that heat
Your art has kindled—not the fire of Mars
The galaxy of Ursa, no, nor all
The eye confusion of the milky way
Shall lure you from the fulness of the hour.

Each pulsing beat,
The diastole and systole of your heart
Rings like a coin new minted from the gold
Of your expansive soul ; each second passed
Is as the painless death of one whose life
Was all complete of work, ease, sorrow, bliss
Distress and joy—There seems no farther need
Of mental stress—The sphynx of wherefore so ?
Is answered by the welfare of what is—

Oh, blessed are the campfires I have known—
Across a thousand leagues of rugged hills
The dancing shadows of their phantom flames



ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1. $\frac{1}{2} \frac{d}{dt} \int_{\mathbb{R}^n} |\nabla u|^2 dx = \int_{\mathbb{R}^n} u \Delta u dx$
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Still find me ill content—and leave me tamed
(A moment) to the harmony of things
That somehow seem discordant.

So again

I see them now, vivid and dazzling near
In shapeless hemispheres of shifting heat
And irised deep in darkness undescribed
To central pupils of a purple hue
Where all the cold that killed our pallid moon
And all the night that bides the death of day
And all the depth that mocks our mountain heights
And all the end of all things that shall end
Are dimly, wanly visioned without fear—
So wide a halo lends immortal strength
To timid sight—so hot the ruddy rays
Strike waves of living crimson to the cheek,
So swift the blood ebbs back the tidal flow
Of sparkling fumes and skyward snapping smoke,
Like sunset clouds all yellow in the west,
That man mounts reckless to the hill of life
And calmly scans the prospect, nor unbends
His tautened sinews to the bale of years
Nor hearkens once to catch amidst the cheer,
Of springsong music humming in the glow
An echo of delusion's taunting cry—

For all was well

In those good nights when, warm with mucking toil
We flung our scanty blankets by a stream
And notched the leaning bull pine to its fall
For one full cord, to rear a blazing pyre
Of daylight doubts—The tumult of tossed hopes
And fading troubles lulled to their last sleep
Passed suttee through the burning ghaut—to bliss
How fresh were we to wake

Perhaps at midnight, or towards the dawn—
Our fireward feet not scorching now, but chill
With warning of spent fuel. High o'erhead
The winking stars danced mockingly and stabbed
Cold daggers through the ether when we rose
To fumble in the gloom—

How wide the night
Encompassed and enthralled us till we hurled
Fresh forest tribute on the charring heap
And fanned the dying coal to leaping life !

How tense the shade
That crept about us as new warmth inspired !
A wall of black—close curving to the reach
Of radiant flame—full domed and folding in
Our little world of solitude once more—
Deep velvet black, the garb of Mother Night
Soft gowned, low whispering, and holding us,
The children of her trust—the Wanderkind—
Embosomed in maternal amplitude—

But here !
Why, here you sit and watch me puff
My half-formed thoughts like broken rings of smoke
And prate of fires and this and that, the while
We let our little stove go dead black out !
Here, reach the axe across. I'll fix some chips
And keep my mouth closed—Come ! you tell me now
What's doing at the Coast.

THE BOOMERANG.

BOOMERANG: A sort of club whose members, however hurled by circumstances, invariably return soon or late to their starting point.—Modern Dictionary.

WE roam the wide world over, in weary search for gold ;
We toil and sweat 'neath summer's sun, we brave the
winter's cold.

We suffer thirst and hunger as we stagger in our tracks
Toward the mocking rainbow, with our blankets on our
backs.

But, when the trail is hardest—no matter where we are—
In Kootenay or Cariboo, Atlin, or Cassiar—

We camp, and dream a camp-fire dream of luxury and
food—

Of beefsteak pie, and devilled crabs, and everything that's
good.

And so we drive away the fear of Famine's biting fang
By thoughts of Mrs. Jensen and the cosy Boomerang !

Ten years or more have come and gone since first we
gathered here,

And in those years how many dreams of Boomerangian
beer—

For some of us have beaten Drake at touring round the
Globe,

By New York, London, Cairo, Aden, Colombo and Kobe—
In search of wealth, in search of health, wherever we
have been

Our memory would always paint the old familiar scene ;
The quiet lane, the homely bar, the simple bill of fare—
The sense of solid comfort that you don't get everywhere.

In great hotels we've often pined, still hungry, while
we sang

Laments for Mrs. Jensen and the cosy Boomerang !

Once more we go, by two and two, to seek the golden
trail—

The shorn lamb once again entrusts his thin skin to the
gale !

But howsoever far we go, however long we stay

Where mail-bags do not follow to console us day by day,

One line of thought will lead us to a meeting by-and-by,

When we'll renew our youth again on beer and beefsteak
pie !

And when we lunch like hungry men who may not live
to dine,

We'll drink again, as we drink now, this Toast, for Auld
Land Syne—

A toast to paste within your hats, and o'er your fireplace
hang:—

Good luck and health to Mrs. J. and *Vive La Boomerang!*

April 19th, 1899.

JEAN BAPTISTE PAQUETTE.

My name is Jean Ba'tees Paquette,
I live near h'Ottawa,
If I was marry ? Well, you bet,
Ole Jules Lablanche of Calume
Ees my papa-een-law.

One year ago las' Mardi Gras,
I'm marry Rosalie ;
And now I'm fader ; oui, mon gar ;
It makes feel good for be papa,
Wid leetle small babee.

It's boy or girl, you wan' to know ?
Well, wait, and I will tell ;
Hit come 'bout five, six mont' ago,
My wife get sick and me I go
For bring Docteur Labelle.

Bellemère Lablanche, she's livin' dere,
So when dat docteur come,
She say, " Batees, you keep down stair ! "
I say, " Batees, prends donc un verre,
'Ski Blanc avec du gomme."

I make myself a leetle drink,
And den I say, " Mon vieux,
You goin' be fader soon, I tink,
You like hit ? " Den I make a vink,
And say, " Bullee for you ! "

Den by en by I'm not so glad,
I tink, " Poor Rosalie,
Maybe she's feelin' pretty bad,
Maybe she die." Dat make me sad,
Perhaps I'll go and see.

I go so quiet to de stair,
And den I call " Docteur ! "
He say, " You get away from dere,"
And den, " Tais toi," says my bellemère,
" You can't keep still for sure."

Den I sit still an feel so triste,
Till some one laugh en haut ;
Dat sound hall right ; I say, " Batees,
You'll like some whisky, just de least
Small drop, for luck you know."

I drink myself a bon santé,
" Batees, I wish you joy ; "
And den I hear de docteur say,
" Hullo, Paquette, I tink he'll weigh
Ten pound, dis leetle boy."

I'll feel so glad I jump dat high,
I go for run up stair,
De docteur see me come, and cry,
" Hole on, I'll call you by en by.
De room ain't quite prepare."

To wait dis time was much de worst ;
I'm feelin' pretty queer ;
I say, " Batees, you've got a thirst
For drink to Jules Paquette de First,
He don't come every year."

I drink his healt', and den I cry—
Dat make you laugh to see !
And me, I laugh, and wipe my eye,
I wash my face and tink I'll try
For go see Rosalie.

I fix up clean, I brush my hair,
Give my moostash a curl,
And when I jus' was reach de stair,
De docteur shout, " Paquette, you dere ?
Here come a ten pound girl ! "

I jump dat high ; I' scared you know ;
I'm stan' dere in de hall,
Den call, " Docteur ! " He say, " Hello ! "
I say, " Docteur, I wan' to know
You tink dat dat is all ? "

He laugh like anyting an' say,
" How many more you want ?
I guess dat's all you have to-day.
You wan' to see de family, heh ?
Dis way den, en avant ! "

* * * * *

I'm glad to see dem hall, you bet,
I say to Rosalie,
" Dat's splendid babies, Ma'am Paquette,
I can't spare one of dem, and yet
I'm glad you don't have t'ree ! "

CHRISTMAS EVE CHEZ PAQUETTE.

Entrez, M'sieu. Ros'lie, une alumette.
Holà, c'est vous ? An' so you don' forget
To viseet your ole friens ? Dat's good, mon vieux—
Shek hands, an' make embrace wid Ma'am Paquette.

Sit near de stove, she's cole houtside—I tink
You mus' be froze—I fix you up a drink
Dat's mek you grow. Cole watter ? Non, parbleu !
Dat's only good for mek de skatin' rink.

I guess dat Scotch whiskee from Montrehall
Mek good fondation. Bon ! Voici a small
Spoonful of sugar. Is dat watter boil ?
Prends garde, M'sieu—too much will spoil it hall.

So—bon santé—an' now you smoke tabac
Lak good Canuck—here some my brudder Jacques
Bring me de present when hees gettin' home
From mek de voyage to le pays Klondak.

He's go hoff to Klondak, an' he's mek
un ment s'appelle en Anglais ? Good "prospeck,"
He's got big lump of gold you never see
For stick him in dat necktie roun' his neck.

Dat's queer place Klondak—fonny place you bet—
In summer time de sunrise never set,
An' winter time when dat ole sun go down
At Mardi Gras he ain't been risin' yet.

Dat no good place in summer,—honly way
For travel is in winter wid de sleigh ;
An' all de horses dat dose people got
Is leetle dogs, dat's what my brudder say.

Maybe I'll go some day, not quite so far
My brudder go, but travel on de car,
More west of Winnipeg, an' climb on top
Dat Rocky Montagne wid de C. P. R.

My brudder say dere's plenty town up dere—
Veectoriaw, Westmeenster, Vancouvaire,
An' lots of peoples in dose towns dey tink
Dat Habitant is jus' de same as Bear.

Wat's dat ? I mean dose h'Africkan--Tonnère
I mek meestake like dat since Jules Leclair
Was write " Good-bye, he's go for shoot de Boor,"
An' mek it spell like he's go hunting Bear.

Dere mus' be plenty fonny man out wes'
What fool de people wid dat talk I guess ;
To say de Habitant ees not loyal,
Is do same ting as bird mak spoil hees nes'.

I'm not good talk, but you know dat for sure !
When Habitants was mek de voltigeurs
An' go wid Salaberry for to kill
Ten tousand Yankee, no one call dem Boor.

An' when de Canadaw was fight Riel,
De Chiff Poleece don' have to ring de bell
More time as once for bring de Sixty-Fift',
For mek parade, an' marche, an' give 'em hell !

When all de fight was done, in Montrehall
Dey mek wan leetle row poleetical ;

De young men, dey do dat for h'exercise,
An' brek de noses for nothing at all.

Jus' like de colt, w'at kick an' bite an' squeal,
He feel so good he don't can reste tranquille ;
But ole man Habitant ees not like dat—
He's dig de groun' an' raise de big famille.

An' all de way from h'Ottawa en haut,
To h'old Quebec an' tree weeks more below,
Some Habitants is workin' dat same farm
Hees grandpère work two hunder year ago.

Mon cousin at Lachine, he's livin' dere,
On farm de firs' Paquette was " censitaire "
Before Jacques Cartier viseet Canadaw—
He's got de paper at M'sieu Notaire.

De ole man work de farm, an' w'en he die
Hees bury wid he's fader, by en by
De young man follow heem, an' one by one
Hees eat de fruit what grow where he mus' lie.

An' dat meks good Canadjien. Rose, r a belle,
J'entends les cloches—M'sieu, I hear de bell ;
You'll come wid us attend de midnight mass ?
An' wish Merr' Crismuss for de glad Noël.

THE RUBAIYAT
OF FREE MINERS' CERTIFICATE, No. 65534A.

YEAR after year has come and gone again.
As buckets passing on an endless chain
Laden with rock, or poor or rich the vein.

Some smoothly bore me gold in goodly sums,
And others!—iron rust to clog the drums.
Now creaking slowly, 1900 comes.

And that same year to me may represent
The final clean-up—well, I am content.
Fate cannot rob me of the wealth that's spent.

There's wealth and wealth, I've sampled and I know,
Some things I valued not, long years ago,
Paid from the grass roots though they assayed low.

And others running thousands to the ton
Pinched out before assessment work was done.
Lord, what a many mines I've seen *begun*.

• • • • •

That's life as I have seen it, here and there,
In mining camps and cities, everywhere
That I could find the samples to compare.

I'm old, you're young; a specimen or so
I'll give you, that may guide you as you go,
Seeking you know not what, but what I know.

Be a Free Miner, but maintain the pact
That gives you license, common sense and tact.
Say, "set your stakes according to the Act."

" Jump not and be not jumped " the Golden Rule
For all Free Miners is—but be no fool,
Keep one eye out for fractions, and keep cool.

Don't go by books entirely—if it fall
That you have struck pay ore with ne'er a wall,
Dig deep and take your profits, great or small.

• • • • •

I'm old and garrulous—to make amends,
I'll tell you this, choose not your mine or friends
Thro' experts, if you seek for dividends.

Nor choose by outward show a mine or wife;
Deep hidden in the veins of rock and life,
Lies gold or barren quartz, sweet peace or strife.

YE IMMORALITY OF YE TIMES.

"The times are out of joint."—W.S.

You say you want an Xmas Rhyme
All vibrant with the Christmas feeling
That thawed Ye Heartes of Olden Tyme,
Ere yet the art of soul congealing
Had reached the modern cultur'd phase
Of keeping Psyche in cold storage,
Lest we should bask in Luna's rays
And singe our tongues on cold plum porridge.

Where shall I turn, alas ! to find
A lilt of Love, a rhyme for Christmas ?
Dan Cupid is no longer blind,
His keen eyes set in warped Strabismus
Dare me to pen a pleasant line
Of Laughter, Mistletoe and Holly,
To callous Beauty at the shrine
Of Mammon ; such appeal were folly.

While Venus now, with haughty mien,
Adorns the Court of fat King Millions,
Sad by the road to Gretna Green
I take the dust of her postillions
Then lonely wend me to my den,
Where scornful of the morrow's joying,
I write with aloe tinctured pen——
A knock—more bills ! 'Tis most annoying.

Hello ! What's this ? A Christmas card ?
 " With Fondest Love and Kindest Wishes ! "
From Her ! Go to, you bilious bard !
 Cast dismal doubtings to the fishes.
To sit and gloom, when she, sweet soul,
 Has ordered mirth, were foulest treason.
Ho ! Bridget ! Fill the wassail bowl.
 I drink to all—A Joyful Season !

THE WHITE CZAR.

HUSH, now, the Czar of all the Russias sleeps
With troubled slumberings. His fevered brain
Each moment threatens to loose the clasp that keeps
His sad, world-weary soul a slave to pain.
His throbbing heart encircled with a chain,
And fettered to a load of living death,
(The living corpse that dogged his father's reign
And mocked his martyred grandsire's dying breath),
Beats swiftly with the pang it feeds and suffereth.

And hast thou then a heart, thou tyrant cold ?
Thy virtues we have held to be the knout,
The exiled delver for Siberian gold,
The spy at Petersburg, the frontier scout,
Whose Afghan presence filled the mind with doubt
And wonder as to great or lesser ills,
When far we threw our light field forces out
From railway-fed Peshawur to the hills,
Antennae-like to feel, and touch—when touching kills.

But, peace—and hush, no talk of killing now,
Nor thought of Tsars. Remember we the Prince
Of one short lustre past, whose youthful brow
Bore then no lines of care, the deep imprints
Of that fell golden ring—his burden since—
Then whoso knew or served him loved, forsooth,
The gentle mind that feared no dark'ning hints
Of dreary futures, when in student youth
He rambled far with George of Greece in quest of truth.

A warm heart then was his, but now, a Czar,
And all his sympathies are frozen, fled
Or outcast, and his true familiars are
But spirits of the Muscovitish dead.
Grim Peter, by his wanton Catherine sped,
Or wild and lawless Yermak, who foreknew
How far the Empire of the Russ would spread
And eastward o'er the Urals conquered through
The untracked slopes that reached the far Pacific's blue.

What visions of fair fortune and what dreams
Of splendid empire are thy heritage !
But, ah ! what nightmare curse of dying screams
Are thine, in tail male, and what groans of rage
Are sealed in blood and tears upon the page
That witnesseth thy title. All in vain
Thou sought'st to lose the dismal appanage
By world wide gift of Peace—born from thy pain;
We mocked thy errant dove and scourged her home
again.

What is thy secret, gaunt two-visaged bird,
Looking to East and West with Janus face ?
How shall the Saxon judge with written word
Thy half Mongolian, half Caucasian race ?
And of thy King, what pen will dare to trace
The subtle instincts, under whose control
He issues censure, cachet or ukase,
While Ivan's Cossack crimes within his soul
Mingle with all the mystic virtues of the Pole ?

WANTED—A JOB.

WE are solid men of standing, in the city by the sea,
Where we emulate the sluggard-coaching ant ;
The daily song of Hard Luck draws our keenest sympathy
And we'd like to help the singer—but we can't.

For the whirling wheels of wealth have knocked us
dizzy,

And of other things we haven't time to think ;
We are sorry for the soldiers—but we're busy,
So we'll compromise by standing them a drink.

We're patriotic people and we shouted long and loud ;
We hurrah'd the First Contingent to the skies ;
We laughed good-bye to Blanchard, then we hurried from
the crowd,

To buy a few more " Crow's Nest " for a rise.
For a man must help himself before his neighbor,
So the chain of gold is welded link by link,
Till the Khaki lads, returning, ask for labor,
And we compromise by standing them a drink.

We closed our shops to celebrate, when Ladysmith's relief
Crowned the endless fighting march of Buller's men.
We wept and sang and triumphed in a manner past
belief,

Till we got a tip to purchase C. P. N.

For the best of us must hustle to keep floating ;
And the soldiers ? Well we mustn't let them sink.
When our ship is safely moored among the boating,
We'll consider—In the meantime, what's your
drink ?

When we heard Lord Donald's offer to provide Strath-
cona's Horse,

Our feelings almost got beyond control ;
We envied him the kudos, but we honored him of course,
As we boosted up the price of winter coal.

For we're really only moderately wealthy ;
We must dig if we would hear the dollars clink.
Very busy—But our hearts and throats are healthy,
So we sympathise, and talk, and stand a drink.

When Paardeberg was hallowed by our sacrificial dead,
And Canada made glorious in a day,
We vowed a mighty monument, and meant each word we
said,

But our charter stocks need watching till they pay.
For we have to clothe our wives in silk and satin,
Ere we give good tweed for tattered Khaki—

Hinc

Illae Lachrymae in verse (excuse the Latin),
We must catch the tram and go—but, have a drink.

• • • • •

Though our ships of wealth be loaded to the scuppers,
And our cups of gold are beading to the brink,
When we meet Tom Atkins, junior, on his uppers,
And he asks for honest bread—we give him drink.

A MILD PROTEST.

"The LONDON CHRONICLE seems to be in doubt as to whether the Duke of Connaught would 'strike the imagination of Canadians' in the position of Governor-General. We are inclined to think that he would not. We are inclined to doubt the wisdom of sending one of the Royal Family to Rideau Hall. Canadians are a very democratic people, and while they would appreciate the presence among them as Governor-General of a brother of the King, he would not in point of fact 'belong,' as the saying is. No matter how kindly and gracious he might be, he could not bridge the gulf which separates royalty from the general public. Canada wants Governor-Generals who will be something else then official figure-heads to the state. It wants men who, like Earl Grey, are in touch with the feelings and aspirations of a growing community which has not wholly got accustomed to dress suits and the knack of bowing. A Royal Duke would be likely to be a failure as Governor-General, not because of anything personal to himself, but because Canadians would hardly know what to do with royalty, for, after all, we are just everyday people, who are busy making a country."—*Colonist*.

My brother ! Turn not thus
Thy friendly face from Kings
With vain imaginings
Of how they sneer at us !

Believe me, Royal blood,
When you are used to it,

Is different not a whit
From that of plain "Me Lud."

The highest pride of race
Oft fills a heart and mind
That is not much inclined
To show the frozen face.

And those of Edward's kin,
You'll find, when introduced,
(And possibly confused),
Will wear no outward grin.

I've found, I must confess,
That Connaughts, Yorks and such
Have quite a pleasant touch
Of soothing one's *hontesse*.

From Cambridge to Argyll
True affability
(So it appears to me)
Lurks in each Royal smile.

And I would rather chance
The poignance of their wit,
Than that of any cit.—
When stymied in my dance.

I'd rather undergo
Their laughter at my lack
Of "bowing with a knack,"
Than that of men I know.

Trust me, these Royal folk
Are just like common Earls,
They dance with pretty girls
With chaperons they joke.

If you and Dukes are chums
(And why should I say "If ?"),
You should not balk and sniff
At Royal *Tillicums*.

No, really, you must not,
With all the due respect
That editors expect,
You must not cut Connaught.

THE TAXES OF VENICE.

A TRAGEDY

DRAMATIS PERSONAE—A Bunch of Commissioners.
Their Clerk.
Two Witnesses.

SCENE—A Venetian Council Chamber.

First Commissioner—Ye men of Venice—chosen by the
Ten,

As subtle Councillors in time of stress
To make inquiry, and to probe the deeps
Of tithe and cummin, octroi, Peter's pence,
Rates, excise, seigneurage and other tax ;
To trace the progress of their incidence,
Direct, or indirect, from purse to purse,
As they may shifted be, until at last
We weigh the burden of those final wights
Who pay, nor pass the incubus along—
Is it your fiat that we summon now
Unbiassed witnesses, to speak the truth
As we may apprehend it, and to aid
Our earnest quest for tabulated facts
To build a Science of Taxonomy ?

Clerk (*sotto voce*)—Your pardon, honored sir, Taxonomy
Is not the word to use. Taxonomy
Has naught to do with classifying laws
Of poll tax, land tax, window tax *et al.*,
But rather with the rules that govern rats,

Mice, marmosets and ferrets, little moles
That burrow blindly in the muddy earth,
Fat-witted owls that wisely blink and nod
To cloak their lack of wisdom—ostriches,
That hide their simple heads in shallow sand—
Wild asses, too, and—

First Commissioner (*angry whisper*)—Peace, fool, what's
the odds ?

Taxonomy is good for this, and that—
What difference ?

(*Aloud*)—Shall we then call, my Lords,
The witnesses ?

Second Commissioner— Aye—let them now appear—
And let them first be sworn all solemnly
With naught of mental reservation, as
Is oftentimes used when one is making oath
Concerning income—

First Witness *is sworn and speaks*—Good my Lords, I
speak

As but a simple citizen, whose pride
Is all in Venice, and whose modest worth
Is merged in that of Venice, and whose weal
Is that of Venice—one whose hopes and fears
And prayers and plans and plots and window blinds
Are all Venetian. All these being hers,
Do I begrudge the feudal toll she takes
As income tax from my poor daily wage ?
Not so. Implicit candor bids me give
Full credit to the Doge and his Ten,
Whose wisdom rules this Venice, and whose laws
Of equity and justice give to me
And give to every meanest gondolier,
To every richest merchant of the town

Whose marble palace glads the dull canal—
Yea, gives to you, and gives to each of us
The means to work and earn our livelihood—
Whence else could come this fat prosperity ?
What else could bring these argosies of trade
That crowd our wharves and glut our market place,
And give our every arm wherewith to wield
Skilled tools of toil and traffic ? Nought but these—
The Doge and his Ten. This being so,
I gladly yield me back the little meed
Of ducats asked for—

First Commissioner— How much do you pay ?

First Witness—Some eighty ducats, sirs, a bagatelle—

Second Commissioner—And how much do you earn ?

First Witness— Why, year by year,
About four thousand ducats, more or less—

Third Commissioner—What is the trade whereby you
earn this sum ?

First Witness—Why, marry, 'tis my fortune to be one
Among the Doge's Ten—the taxes pay
My modest income—

Fourth Commissioner— Sirs, we have, indeed,
A mighty witness here. His words ring true—
He knows whereof he speaks, and is more worth
To us than any score of artisans
Or tillers of the soil. Shall he stand down ?

First Commissioner—He may stand down. His words are
very wise

And please us greatly. Let the next be sworn.

Second Witness *is sworn*—Most grave Commissioners, I
have been called

By those whom you may wot of, to appear
And lay all bare to your judicial eyes
The system that our Doge has applied
In raising and in fairly levying
His yearly brood of taxes. First, My Lords,
He studied foreign lands, as Russia—where
The half-freed serfs still buy their vodki straight
(At prices fixed by law) from their good Czar,
Who makes a lot thereby ; as Germany—
Where sausage is the only lawful food,
Which breeds dog taxes to such vast extent
That nothing else is needful. Or, as France—
Who sells the pickled product of the vine
(From San Francisco shipped) to all the world.
As England—where the stolid Briton fights
His way commercial, 'gainst competing foes,
And bears the self-inflicted handicap
Of one and fourpence shackled to each pound.
All these he studied, through the expert eyes
Of one, whose fame as " Farmer General
Of Taxes " may have reached you—

First Commissioner— Yes, indeed !
His fame has reached us. Are you, then, that
one ?

Second Witness—I am that one. And having studied thus
All lands—all taxes—and all things that are—
And knowing that such foreign ways would not
Appeal to you of Venice, I arranged
A simple schedule, guaranteed to please
The least fastidious—merely one per cent,
Or two, or five, or so forth, on all things
That are, or were, or might be, seen, surmised,
Or postulated, in our Venice here—

Second Commissioner—Was not that rather sweeping ?
No ? Perhaps ?

Second Witness—To sweep, My Lord, is virtue in a broom
New boughten, and a floor well swept leaves naught
To mar the credit of one's husbandry—

Third Commissioner—And would you, then, tax every
living thing ?

Second Witness—Yea, every living thing, the farmyard
fowl

So much per pound before she lays an egg—
And when she lays, so much per dozen eggs—
And when she broods, so much per brace of chicks,
And those, in turn, so much per pound of flesh—
So much for eggs—and so the circle runs
In glad profusion round our fiscal chest
With ever-growing largess save whenas
Some thankless offspring of a kindly hen
Grows comb and spur, and crows aloud as cock,
And lays no eggs to bring new revenue—

Fourth Commissioner—'Tis sad to hear of such in-
gratitude—

Second Witness—'Tis true, My Lord, and worse than this
is true—

For often times before assessment day
(My agents tell me) sullen men are known
To eat young chickens, not yet taxed as such,
Instead of buying bacon, fairly taxed
As pig—pork—slaughtered meat—and warehouse
stock,
Wholesale—retail—and book indebtedness.

First Commissioner—This sounds like crime ! We'll take
a note of this.

And how of manufactures ? Tax you them ?

Second Witness—Aye, my good Lord, we tax them as we may ;

When goods lie dormant on a trader's shelf
We can but tax them yearly—let them move,
And howsoever far they twist and wind
Their way through Venice, Argus-eyed we note
Each momentary owner to his cost—
As when th' elusive orb that players use
To toss about the baseball diamond field
Passes from hand to hand—the umpire first
Unwraps the virgin sphere (we tax him then)
And rolls it gently to the pitcher, who,
To flex his limbs, throws to the outer field
(And both are taxed thereby). The ball, brought
back,

Speeds from the pitcher, with a wondrous curve,
Full to the plate, whereat its course is checked
By foul impingement on an ill swung bat
(Whose holder thus is rendered liable),
Retrieved at third, thence on to second thrown,
And thence about the field in idle mood—
Each transient holder is in turn assessed
And all are taxed—no guilty man escapes.

Second Commissioner—And think ye, sir, that this is good
for trade ?

Second Witness—Undoubtedly, for each man being
taxed

On all he holds, is ever pricked and spurred
To sell his goods—

Clerk (*sotto voce*) (But none are pricked to buy!)

Second Witness—And so our commerce thrives, and so
thrive we

Who foster commerce. May I now stand down ?

First Commissioner—Aye, stand you down. And,
brothers, we'll adjourn
To lunch. These taxes seem—Well! Let's to
Lunch, and talk thereafter—

Chorus of Commissioners— Aye! To lunch! To
lunch!

Exeunt.

THE BALLAD OF THE KINGE'S SON.

"COME hither, come hither, thou minstrel old,
And strike us a song on thine autoharp.
Of jousts and tourneys, mail of gold—
Of frowning fortress, grim and bold—
Of clanking chains and dungeons cold—
Of culverin and countescarp!"

"Nay now, nay now, but Your Worships jest!
Great is the power of minstrelsy;
But fient a skirl could I unwrest
Of ballads from my music chest,
Tho' heavy 'tis with palimpsest—
Old songs, rag-time reset, d'ye see?"

"And what in the Deil's name, old man?
Do ye think when gentles ring ye up
Ye've nought to do but rush the can
And whimper aye with 'if' and 'an'?
Tune up, or e'er your hide we tan
Wi' stirrup leather for stirrup cup!"

"I'faith, gauzooks, My Lords, go slow,
While I bethink me a certain air—
'Tis not 'Hoop-la, With a Rumbelow,'
Nor 'Dowie Dens of Ohio,'
Nor 'Come, Let Us a-Maying Go,
Mah Honey Wid de Kinky Hair.'

"But this be a song of great emprise,
So lythe and lystene, ye gentles all
I'll sing ye of one both great and wise,

Who risked his life in humble guise.
Open your ears and shut your eyes,
And—Silence thro' the music hall ! ”

FYTTE I.

Oh, there was a King as I understand,
The mightiest King of ony land ;
As far and as far as his eyes had seen,
They had ne'er outrun the King's demesne.

Now the King hath gotten a son so fair—
Swankey and gleg and debonair—
A broth of a boy (as a Briton ought,
I rhyme in Erse, Frank, Saxe and Scot).

Syne the King hath called him up to the throne,
And say'd : “ My lad, will ye gang alone
To the Hinterlands o'er the 'Lantic sea
An' bring a protocol to me ? ”

Now the Kinge's son set firm his face,
Says he : “ To fear would be disgrace ;
So gie's your blessing and Royal luck
And I'll risk the wild untamed Canuck.

“ But or ever I set the world agog
With my trav'ling suite—I'll go incog.,
And rubberneck, as old Araby did,
The Caliph Haroun Alraschid.

“ For 'twere well our high estate to hide
In a land where Paynim Grits abide,
Till we've supped unkennd at their loving cup,
And sort of sized the matter up.”

Oh, the King threw his arms around his neck,
Has gied him a kiss, and a Royal cheque,
Has swatted the drops frae his Royal eyes,
And says : " Go, get you a good disguise."

" Oh, I may not go as a belted Earl,
To tempt the fierce Canajen churl,
Lest they pin me tight wi' my ain broad sword
Hard and fast to a mining board ;

" And I may not go as a General,
Nor yet a deep sea Admiral,
Lest they salt some Klondike river bank
Wi' golden braid that marks my rank ;

" And I may not go as a man of wealth,
Lest they make friends wi' me by stealth,
And loaden me up with a good sure thing,
And deil a groat in my pouch to ring ;

" But I'll gang as a lowly drummer boy,
In Canaday to seek employ,
And I'll spy the land wi' out loss of life
Ere I tour offeecial wi' my wife."

So the King has called a lither young page,
" Go to," sayth he, " and take my gage
To our Pierpont Morgan, and bid him hike
To us—amd so awa, ye bike."

Then off and away went the lither young page,
So swiftly for his two-bit gage ;
He has found Pierpont upon the Strand
And given him the King's command.

Then 'twas "Welcome, welcome," cried the King,
"Ye'll help us out like onything,
If ye rede me this ye will earn our thanks,
How dress ye drummers among the Yanks?"

"Oh, you'll get him a lounging suit o' grey,
Wi' checks to hear a mile away;
Spats and a pair o' buttoned yellow shoon,
A bright, bright vest to shame the moon;

"And a flare end scarf like a butterfly,
A collar just three inches high,
Then a gore sleeved coat on the Raglan plan,
And plug hat, *à la* alderman."

"And whatna orders does a drummer wear?
And whatna weapons should he bear?
And whatna beats does the drummer beat
As he rat-tat-tats along the street?"

"Oh, he'll get what orders he may bespeak,
And bears no weapon save his cheek;
And this is the beat of the drummer man,
To beat the railroads when he can."

• • • • •

"Hold up, hold up, with thy endless drone,
Thou minstrel bald with the autoharp;
Thy witless tale's as dry's a bone,
Thy harp is flat, a semi-tone;
Thy jests are pointless, and were known
To the grandsire of St. Polycarp."

"Nay now, nay now, but I have the floor—
But wait till I quaff the X X X,

Then will I all the wealth unstore
That lieth hid in camel's roar,
In peacock's song and sphynx's lore—
Lie low till you here what's coming nex'."

SECOND FYTTE.

Oh, the bard has thrummed it ance and twice,
And he has thrummed it a tripling time ;
He has gotten his measure point device,
And pours it forth like a Kipling rhyme.
And chord by chord he has set it true,
And gi'en it sound wi' a humming tune,
To a leading air as faint and new
As the thin white curve of the coming moon.
He has set the word to a proper scale,
And bugled it loud in his chosen tongue,
Till the pipe of the heav'nly nightingale
Is dwarfed to the sob of a frozen lung.

• • • • •

The breakers roar, the wild winds rage,
The King's son on the landing stage
Cries : " Wae's me, wha'll the storm assuage
Before I putten to sea ?

" Black to the eye broad Mersey rolls,
Unstable, wet, and full of holes ;
Oh, wha will come an' take their tolls,
That'll safely ferry me ? "

Then up and spake the ferryman proud :
" Oh, who is this that ca's so loud ?
I'se ferry ye safe thro' wave and cloud,
Tho' high the tide is swellin'.

For the halter yet I'll save yer neck,
And land ye hale at old Kebeck,
For cheaper toll than you'd expec'—
My name is Hughie Allan ! ”

He struck a match—the night was dark—
They stepped aboard the Allan bark,
To the mast they nailed the Plimsoll mark,
High up and outen danger.
Then anchor weighed and off they go
Thro' smooing foam as white as snow,
And Hughie says : “ Ye're best below.
Ho, steward ! 'tend the stranger ! ”

The King's son lies in troubled sleep,
While round the Calf o' Man they creep,
And ranging o'er the soundless deep,
Flare farewell lights to Erin.
Syne landward rises Heaven's lamp,
Westward the shades o' night decamp,
The waves no longer roar and ramp,
Wi' crested mane, up-rearin'.

Then up, refreshed, the Prince arose
And dressed himself in drummer's clothes,
To him, on deck, comes one of “ those ”—
“ How's a' wi' ye, my buck oh ?
I'm Jones, that sells Saul's dog feed cake
Come, join in our ship's run sweepstake—
Wilt risk a crown to make a break ?
Be blooded—Try your luck, oh ! ”

Emotion swelled the Prince's breast,
The buttons on his cramsie vest
Snapped, as he spoke in leal protest,
“ Would'st bloodied be, yourself, sir ?

Away and feed your dogs, ye clown !
Talk not so lichtly o' the crown !
Lest I, tho' but a drummer, frown
As would a son of Guelph, sir ! ”

The boulder fled in pale amaze
And kept below for twa-three days,
The King's son turned and walked his ways
Intil the cabin smoker.
There three men tried to teach him slough,
But syne he signalled : “ *Quantum suff.*
The game of euchre's bad enough,
Wi' bower, ace and joker.

“ But when the King ranks third in place,
Wi' ten spot following the ace,
Indeed, 'twould be a rank disgrace—
‘Tis not to be permitted.”
He cast the cartes intil the sea.
“ Alas ! Alas ! ” then cried the three.
“ He must have wheels, and is to be
Less jumped upon than pitied.”

But, recking little what they say,
The King's son, silent, goes his way,
While plying onward day by day
The good ship makes her westing.
Her bows the blocking billows spurn,
And fling in shattered flakes astern,
The wing-worn seagulls scream and turn,
Her restless pace protesting.

The watch on deck with puckered eyes
At last a gleam of white espies,
And “ Hice ahead ! ” he hoarsely cries,
From lungs a whale might blow thro'.

The King's son glowers thro' his glass—

“Is Canaday yon icy mass?

Then Rudyard called her right, alas,

Our Lady of the Snowshoe!”

“Hoots! toots!” says Hughie. “Haud yer peace!

Yon's but a berg frae Arctic Seas,

Whaur heathens feed on walrush grease,

An' strut in sealskin plaidies.

Oor Canaday is what divines

Would ca' a land of oil an' wines,

And, judged by Isothermal lines,

She's somewhat nearer Hades!

“Yon Keepling lad is just a pote,

An', pleased wi' winter's petticoat,

He coins the pretty phrase ye quote,

An' prents it in his pages.

He's not the first, for long ago

King Pompydoor (of France, ye know)

Ca'd Canaday a wheen o' snow—

Ung poo arpens de nayges.”

• • • • •

The minstrel paused for lack of breath,

Full pleased to hear his audience snore.

Alas! there comes an angry roar

From one, whose outcry witnesseth

That naught save apoplectic death

Shall end the cycle of “encore!”

“*Da capo*, scoundrel! Give us more!”

Sadly his harp he fingereth.

Sadly his voice he tunes again

To syncopated accents low,

That murmur o'er an undertow

Of sobbing baritonic pain.

Sadly he drones the dull refrain,
And telleth how, from far below
Quebec, to Montreal, *en haut*
The ship sails inland from the main.

FYTTE THE THIRD.

Point Levis gates are gained at last,
(Wae's me, St. Lawrence),
Fair stream, yet awful, regal, vast,
A queen of torrents ;
With far flung farms, once held in fief
To rights seigneurial, now in grief,
Cadastred, registered, in brief—
Brought down to Torrens.

Mount Royal's harbor soon is won
(Wae's me, the maples),
Outpicturing, beneath the sun,
The Bay of Naples.
From here the incog. cables home :
" Big town, Conformist, leans to Rome ;
Trade exports—corn and honeycomb,
And such like staples.

" Fine men and women here—the maids
(Wae's me, the lassie)
Can give oor English cards and spades—
Not one is *passée*.
Fresh, buoyant, vigorous and sweet,
Tho' countless hundreds throng the street,
Gadzooks, *mon père*, each one I meet
Je veux l'embrasser !"

Alas ! that cables e'er should leak
 (Wae's me, Marconi),
 'Twas no false rouge on madame's cheek,
 I'll bet a pony,
 When the false butler of the tower
 Brought her these words—To catch that glower
 Would tax Lafayette's cameric power !
 Thine, too—Sarony !

The wire buzzed back to Montreal
 (Wae's me, the Beaver) :
 "Come home at once, ere worse befall,
 You gay deceiver ;"
Verb. sap. suffic., the Prince went hame
 (Sadder and madder than he came)
 Across the seas to join his dame,
 Nae mair to leave her.

* * * * *

In thunderous mood the Ollave thw nged his fingers thro'
 the lyre,
 Vibrating harsh concordant sounds, c edient to his
 stroke ;
 The diapasoned echoes throbbed tumultuous from the
 wire
 In wails of Cassandraic woe—and then—the G string
 broke.
 Hot to his lips rushed golfing terms well rounded to his
 ire,
 But he choked them down and went straight home and
 never a word he spoke.

A NORTHLAND CAROL

THE trail lies dim thro' timbered shades
Where keen cold moonbeams fall between—
The trodden footway fails and fades
Amidst the night-black evergreen;
Yet one goes homeward to his camp
Untrammeled of the hedging dark,
The sunken snow his only lamp.
In silent haste he speeds—but hark !
From out the North there comes a voice
So far and faint as scarcely heard—
“ Rejoice ! ” and yet again “ Rejoice ! ”
And bright stars twinkle to the word :
“ Christ is born in Bethlehem ! ”

Three times the winter's night was filled
With cavil of the doubting owl ;
And thrice the soulless echoes thrilled
A lone coyote's hopeless howl ;
And once and twice and thrice again
The sinews of a tortured tree
Beneath the cold heart-crushing strain
Snapped, with a gasp of agony.
So much there is of sound alone
To tell of life in strife with death
Until a voice of joyful tone
The fourfold sky encompasseth,
“ Christ is born in Bethlehem ! ”

In wondering awe the listener stood—
“ Oh, Lord, how long ago was this ? ”

The years have changed—this age-old wood
Hath grown of seed since then, I wis—
This wood I know—these times I know
This world I walk from hem to hem
By dusty road and path of snow—
Yet never have seen Bethlehem.
What virtue lingers in the cry
Of questioned birth so far away ? ”
To him the voice made low reply,
“ A thousand years are as one day.
Christ is born in Bethlehem !

“ One day is as a thousand years—
Lo, Christmas morn dawns in the East !
Ten centuries of sorry fears
Are twice forgotten at the Feast.
The stars swing smiling thro’ the night
Untroubled that the rising sun
Soars ever nightless, for despite
Man’s toil of days, all day is one.
The sun shines on—the night stars shine
Rejoicing that the Feast is spread ;
This day of all is mine and thine ;
Count not the years—be comforted—
Christ is born in Bethlehem ! ”

The trail shows dim thro’ lightened shades
Whence waning moonbeams pine and pass.
The dawn-lit shrubs and everglades
Take fairy form of curious mass—
Above the ridge the steepled pine
Signals the rising of the sun,
And icicles all silver shine
And diamond ice-drops melt and run
From golden branch to gilded bough.

Beneath her crust of snow, the earth
Stirs, and the world is shouting now,
 "Awake, and blazon wide the Birth !
 Christ is born in Bethlehem !"

CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS.

DATE—Day before Christmas. Time—Just before night.

Scene—A fair city street newly sprink'ed with white—

Just a *soufflon*, you know,

Of fresh fallen snow,

To cleanse Mother Nature and leave *comme il faut*

The housetops above and the sidewalks below,

Spread deftly and lightly,

And fairly and brightly,

Sufficient to cover all freckles unsightly,

Not the least bit too much,

But put on with a touch,

As of one at a mirror exclaiming "enough!"

With the last dainty frisk of an eider down puff.

What virtue there is in a true "*quantum suff.*"

Of whatever it be,

Snow, *Poudre de Riz*,

(I am told by a druggist, a bit of a quizz,

That ladies ask often for "Powder de Rizz"),

Or even of poetry; so, let us see

What's next to consider? The *Dram. Personnae*?

Up curtain and enter, resplendently dressed,

A Beau Brummel Bachelor Buck of the best,

From billiards and afternoon tea at the club,

En route to his chambers, his valet and tub;

For know that this middle-aged gallant will dine

With a most lovely widow, this evening at nine,

By whom, at the club it is freely predicted,

In the course of events he will be Benedicted.

Be that as it may—

At the close of this day
 We find him quite cheerfully making his way
 To the temple where Cupid prepares for the fray
 By bathing and shaving and coiffing and dressing,
 Till from crown of the head to sole of the foot
 One sees the whole garb of the lover expressing
 The knowledge that howe'er his suit may need pressing,
 The fit and the style and the hang of his clothing
 Will save him at least from a fair lady's loathing.
 Very good—but now enter
 Up stage, at left centre
 A tiny small brat of a boy, such a mite
 Of an urchin as sold you the paper to-night.
 His shirt is in tatters, and tattered his hair,
 His coat is designed for admitting the air ;
 And as for the pair
 Of things that men wear
 Under names such as trousers, pants, knickers or bags,
 Why, this little beggar's are nothing but rags.
 But, worse than all these,
 From his thin little knees
 Down his dirty bare shins to his blue little toes,
 Tho' the wind and the weather bite, whistle and freeze,
 His legs are all nude as the end of your nose ;
 And he hops down the street,
 Slapping hard with his feet,
 In the half forlorn hope that some gent he may meet
 Who will give him a nickel or penny—what ho !
 He sees and approaches our Brummelite Beau.
 " Kind Sir, would you lend me a dollar or two ?
 Or a quarter would do,
 Fer I haven't a shoe,
 Ner a sock to me feet, an' 'tis cold in the snow ;
 Besides, Sandy Claus should be comin' to-night,

An' 'twouldn't be right
Fer him to alight
From his sleigh, on the roof of the big packin' box
Where I live, an' go lookin' around fer me socks
An' find nothin' handy
To stuff up with candy,
It wouldn't be fair not to me ner to Sandy."
"Little boy," said the Beau, "I must greatly deplore
That your parents have taught you such mythical lore.
Run away, little lad, you are wasting your toil
In trying to touch me for Christmas, because
There is no Santa Claus.
'Tis against all the laws
Of Science and Nature, and Huxley and Hoyle.
The poor-house will feed you, so trot up the street,
The itinerant motion will warm your poor feet."
"Gah on!" said the urchin. "'Tain't food that I'm wantin',
'Tis socks fer old Sandy, an' sure he'll be hantin'
Yer hearthstone this night wid the end of a stick!
Be aff wid ye, quick,
Ye fat Heretick—
Ye big onbeliever, ye. talk makes me sick!"

Exeunt omnes. Act Two

Discloses to view
The sanctum sanctorum of Brummel, where few
Have seen such a sight
As I show you to-night
Where one—that's the Beau—in his silk underwear
And a gay satin wrapper, reclines in his chair.
With a brow full of wrinkles, a frown in his eyes,
He considers and tries
Shirts, collars and ties,
Gloves, braces and rings,

And all sorts of things
 That James (that's the other one) patiently brings.
 They have settled on this, have decided on that,
 Compromised on a walking stick, chosen a hat ;
 Till at last, with a nod,
 He calls to be shod,
 For 'tis really quite time to be getting abroad.
 James runs to the closet, where, under the rows
 (*Sub rosa*) of breeches
 And waistcoats, he reaches
 Far down in the dark to a shelf where he knows
 Exactly where lie forty-six pairs of hose.
 A moment he kneels,
 Then grasps by the heels
 The black silk ones wanted, and—suddenly squeals
 With horror, dear reader, as you would if you
 Were tranquilly skirmishing after your socks,
 And drawing a pain
 Encountered the glare
 Of a horrible, nerve jumpy, Jack-in-the Box !
 "Come, come," said the Buck. "This won't do—stop
 that noise.
 What's the matter?" "I think, sir," said James, "it betoys."
 And bringing to light
 The cause of his fright
 He showed to his master a terrible sight.
 It really was shocking,
 Call that thing a stocking ?
 All bulgy with angles and swelled out in knobs,
 And bursting with all kinds of queer thingumbobs.
 "Tut, tut, 'tis a trick !"
 "Then it must be Old Nick,"
 Said James (and he meant not the Saint but the Sinner).
 "Well, well, it is time that I started for dinner.

Go, get me some others—bring out the whole cheese.”
James, frightened but dutiful, got on his knees
And brought forth an armful of dropsical things.
As tho’ all the cherubs that ever wore wings,
Disdaining such pegs
As stout little legs,
Had left their encumbrances lying *perdu*
In Beau Brummel’s closet, till now dragged to view.
But such an assortment of short legs and long,
Of red legs and blue,
Of old legs and new,
Can it really be true
That they wholly belong
To Mister Beau Brummel, who sits in his chair
Too puzzled and startled to do aught but stare
At the stockings of silk, of merino and wool,
Of cotton and lisle, everyone choking full—
All skewed into lumps,
And gnarly with bumps,
And unconformably torted with humps.
“Stop, stop! Bring no more,”
He signalled. “But pour
A pair of them out—dump the stuff on the floor!
I must don them and go, or the soup will be cold.”
James tried, but in vain, to do what he was told.
For, primus, he tilted a doll from her seat
In the mouth of a sock, then something to eat,
Nuts, raisins and popcorn, of each half a pound,
And two great pieces of hardbake he found.
Then a book and a top and a drum and a gun
He extracted, and found he had scarcely begun,
For ere he had emptied two-thirds of the calf,
Or even one-half,
Hey, presto! a wriggle worked up from below,

And behold the sock full from the top to the toe,
With a bead on the brim like a goblet of wine,
And hark to the chime of the clock striking nine !
“ Alas and alack ! ”

Cried the Beau. “ Call a hack,
And bring the shoe polish—not tan, fool, the black.”
I must draw a veil o’er the scene that ensues
As the Beau paints his legs ere he thrusts on his shoes,
And hurries his dressing, bemoaning the fate
That drives him, on this night of all, to be late.

Act Three—’Tis a short one and soon to be told,
The soup and the widow are equally cold.
Excuses are offered, and taken but ill,
And under the table the Beau feels a chill
Give his ankles a thrill ;
And his goblet to fill
With bitter, when after the dinner he goes
With the widow to coffee, and tries to propose,
He feels that the cold has got into his nose,
And learns with dismay
That all he can say
Is, “ Darlig, I lub you, do dot say be day ! ”
In a voice that’s so sneezy
She lets him down easy,
From pity perhaps, but this much is certain,
She gives him his *congé*—so ring down the curtain.

Epilogue.

Pray, learn from this story that whoever mocks
At Santy, had better watch out for his socks.
Don’t tease little boys till they wish you bad luck,
Don’t arrive late for dinner, and if, like the Buck,
You wish to pay court when your feelings are smitten,
Don’t go with cold feet—or you may get the mitten.

MIKE MULLEN.

(Apologies to Whittier.)

MIKE Mullen on a summer's day,
Up the mountain made his way.
His Stetson old and past repair
Leaked lurid locks of flaming hair.
He sighed and groaned beneath his pack,
Mocked by the flippant whiskey-Jack,
And when he had climbed to the line of snow,
And gazed on the mining town below,
He sadly moaned to the atmosphere :
" I'd give me boots for a feed o' beer,"
And he thought with a vague and half formed
think
Of many a long departed drink.

The Judge rode slowly down the trail
On a roan cayuse with a blighted tail.
He steered his steed for the tamarack,
Where Mike reclined beside his pack,
And, bidding the willing beast to stop,
" Mullen," said he, " will you have a drop ? "
" Faith," says Mike, " ye need scarcely ask,"
And grasping the Judge's silver flask,
He opened his mouth and shut his eyes
And treated his soul to a glad surprise.
" Thanks," said Mike, when the flask was drained,
" 'Tis the best I've sipped since I was wained."

The Judge looked black as he rode on down,
Pursing his lips in an angry frown.

"And this," thought he, "is what one gets
For being too free in sharing wets.
Next time I slake a camel's thirst
Yours truly will take his toddy first ;"
And his indignation at being done,
By an Irish red-top son of a gun,
Was such that he gave some royal sport
To the hangers-on that day at court.
His fines made even the lawyers stare,
When the culprits happened to have red hair.

Heedless on high, with placid mind,
Mike Mullen by his pack reclined,
Debating whether he should take
His onward way, a claim to stake
Upon a ledge of rock he knew,
Where, hidden from the vulgar view,
Were golden indications which
Mike Mullen hoped would make him rich.
"Wan thing," thought Mike, "when I sell me
mine,

I'll buy a silver flask as fine
As the Judge's wan, but twicet as big,
An' two cayuses, an' p'r'aps a rig,
The kind wid wheels of rubber hose,
That makes no noise where'er it goes ;
An' I'll go an' live in a prairie town,
Instid of climbin' up an' down
Slopes of a hundred an' ten degrees,
That crocks me back an' springs me knees,
An' divil agin will I carry a pack,
Or shtrike a dhrill for a Cousin Jack."

Soothed by the mental vision fair,
Fanned by a breath of mountain air,

Coaxed by the sun to a sweet repose,
Mike Mullen lapsed to a gentle doze ;
And ere his shadow began to creep
In an easting curve, he was sound asleep ;
And the long, long hours of the afternoon
Were cheered by his simple nasal tune.

The slow sun sank till at west-south-west
It dipped to the snow-lined mountain crest,
And taking a farewell look around
Beheld two travellers upward bound.
Hurried and silent and bearing packs,
One of the couple carried an axe.
Swift by the sleeping Mike they sped,
Swifter followed the trail that led
Over the snow bank, over the slide,
Over the top of the Big Divide,
Down the basin, then turning south,
Entered a V-shaped cañon mouth.
Here they were lost to the spying sun,
Who slid from sight—and the day was done.

Twilight passed, and the velvet sky
Reared its triumphant dome on high,
Studded with gems of flashing light,
A quiv'ring, living, starry night,
Such as is only seen by those
Who climb to the table-land of snows ;
Where, purged of the grosser atmosphere,
The smallest sun is a beacon clear,
Each in its own appointed place,
Or near or far in the realm of space.

Slowly they swung on their stellar march,
Wide on the flanks of that mighty arch,

The wonder-compelling Milky Way ;
But ever unmindful Mullen lay.

Nothing to him is the silent flight
Of the untold hours of a wakeless night ;
Naught to him who has found repose
Is the diall'd curve that the Dipper shows ;
And naught is the grander, wider sweep
Of Orion's Belt to the man of sleep.
These be the promise of him who waits
Gasping alone at the outer gates ;
These are the mockers keen and cold
Of him who grapples with pain untold ;
But to him who follows his track o' nights,
These are the joys and the chief delights ;
And to him who goes as a bird of prey,
Shunning the fiercer light of day,
These are the awful warning eyes
That pierce o' the soul's self-spun disguise.

Toiling, suffering, sinning or dead,
Over them all the Heavens sped,
Till at last—a faint round ball of flame—
The morning star fore-running came.
Faded the fairer lights away
To pin prick points in a sea of grey.
Sudden the eastward sky was rent,
And spreading over the firmament
Were waves of pearl and blue and gold.

The westward mountains, white and cold,
Caught with their peaks a ruddy glow
That spread as fire down their sides of snow.
Then a sky of pink, of yellow, of white,
And up rose the radiant orb of light !

And up rose Mike in a mental haze.
"I wondher," said he, "how manny days
I've been ashleep. Bedad, I feel
Like Mister Rip Von Winkelshpiel,
Who took a dram from the Brownie's cask ;
Bad scan to the Judge's silver flask.
Bad cess to meself wid me chronic drouth,
For sure wheniver I trow me mouth
Round a bottle's neck, I niver stop
Till me troat absorbs the hindmost drop.
Mike Mullen, ye 'bandoned son of shame,
Git up the hill an' shtake your claim !"

So Mullen, taking his axe in hand,
Started away for his promised land ;
Over the snow bank, over the slide,
Over the top of the Big Divide.
Down to the V-shaped cañon, where,
Breaking their fast, he found a pair
Of joyful lads, who cried his name—
"Mike," said they, "we have staked a claim
Down below on the Three Tree Crest,
That runs free gold till ye cudden rest."

Alas for Mike and his dream of gold !
The rest of his tale is shortly told.
Like the Hare in the fabled Tortoise race,
He had slept, and so took second place ;
And he knew the pangs His Honor felt
When the formless fumes of the flask he smelt,
And he often thought in the after days
As he tried the price of a drink to raise,
That the saddest of breaks in this world below
Was to have a cinch—and to let it go.

THE KINDERGARTEN OF EDEN

I dreamed, dearest maid (or madam)

In the land of Make Believe,

That I was your Christmas Adam,

And you were my Christmas Eve.

And we played keeping house together,

(It was built of Christmas cards),

And we basked in the Christmas weather,

Indulging in "kind regards."

And we wandered the woodways fearless,

While we filled our lovely park

With the wild beasts, painted and peerless,

That we found in Noah's Ark.

And we picked great nosegays of holly

From the Christmas evergreens,

And we lived in our faith and folly,

As happy as kings and queens.

Till a toy snake (green and carnation,

The kind that comes from Japan),

Led both of us into temptation—

This is the way he began :

" Kind Lady and Sir—Did you ever

Think why you obey the laws

That were made for you by the clever

And genial Santa Claus ?

" And, if so, pray do you remember

You are not allowed to see

Till the two -fifth of December

His star-lighted Christmas Tree ?

" Now, of course, you have been to college,
And what you don't know is small,
But the real *crème de crème* of knowledge
Is high on that tree-top tall.

" I know where it stands in the garden,
And Santa Claus is asleep ;
Besides, I am sure he would pardon
The merest glimpse of a peep."

You listened, I think, and I listened,
And, led by the snaky toy,
We came to a bower where glistened
A radiant bush of joy.

With popcorn and powder bespangled
It mounted to wondrous heights,
And it groaned with the gifts that dangled
And laughed with a thousand lights.

With the pure, cold calm of a maiden,
It sprang from a bank of snow,
But its branches were summer laden
And—'twas crowned with mistletoe.

And there grew in my heart a feeling,
For those berries small and white
Possess a power of revealing
A wisdom of pure delight.

And I led you in full confiding,
(For nothing you knew of love).
Where the littlest dolls were hiding
From the Druid wreath above,

Then, soberly seeking my teaching,
You asked me what it could be
Of knowledge so great and far-reaching
That fell from the Christmas Tree.

And, oh, but my sinning was flagrant
Answering "knowledge is—this,"
In the shade of the branches fragrant
I gathered a Christmas kiss.

* * * * *

But, alas for the dream that ended,
I'm now but a banished prince ;
By your chaperon unattended
I never have met you since.

TWILIGHT.

A'm feelin' leetle triste to-night—dat's wat you call
"depress"—

A'm tink about dat long ago, before I came out Wes';
Seems lak I don' see tings de same as wat I use to saw
All roun' about an' everywhere w'en I was "un p'tit
gars"—

De sonshine don' shine bright enoff, de rain don' rain lak
rain;

Mon dieu! I wonder w'en I see dat tunder storm again!
W'en all de h'air was still, an' hot, an' close, till by en by
You see de big black cloud roll up an' marche along
de sky;

You hear de tree top movin' an' feel a puff o' win',
Den "pat-tat-tat" across de fiel' de tunder storm begin.
Bateau! I ron inside de house w'en rain begin to fall
Long tam ago at Côte des Neiges, behine ole Montrehall.

Den w'en de storm was pass away an' go some oder
place

De son come out all smilin' lak de rain was wash his face.
We ron out in de fiel', barefoot, because de grass is wet
An' everyting so fresh an' cool. Sapree! I smell him yet!
Les pommes fameuses is gettin' big an' bigger every day,
An' plenty farmer down below commence to cut de hay.
We see dem workin' cross de fiel's, far off to St. Laurent,
Until de son was almos' set, an' den some young garçon
Makeshout: "Attends—les vaches qu'elles viennent," an
so we ron an' look

To see de cow come tranquillement along Chemin St. Luc;

An' den we ron tout d'suite chez nous to hear de mudder
call

Hit's supper time at Côte des Neiges, behine ole Mon-
trehall.

W'en supper time was feenish an' les enfants vont coucher,
Mon pere, he sit houtside de house for res' an' make fumer.
A'm sit beside an' make demand pour raconter des contes;
Il 'lume sa pipe, an' den he say "P'tit choux, t'as pas
d'honte ?

"Your h'ole papa was work h'all day for gain un peu
d'argent,

"An' now you mek him talk h'all night lak he was jeune
garçon ?"

I know he's only talk lak dat for have de fon wid me,
An' so I don' say nottin but I'm climb up on his knee,
An' he was tell me story 'bout de days of autrefois,
'Bout hunt an' trap de big black bear dat's runnin' dans
les bois ;

'Bout fightin' wid de Irlandais wat dug Lachine canawl
Long tam ago, near Côte des Neiges, behine ole Mon-
trehall.

Den by en by we hear de bell ring on de séminaire ;
Dat's nine o'clock, my bed time me, an den he say, mon
père,

"Marche te coucher mon p'tit soldat—ta mère t'attends
dedans.

"Baise donc ton père an' kiss good night, da's plenty now
—va t'en."

Good night, mon père ; good night, ma mère ; dat's long,
long wile ago,

An' yet sometam it seem so near an' come so close, you
know,

Dat w'en I shut de cabin door for go to mek de sleep,

I tink my fader sittin' dere houtside for smoke sa pipe.
Dat's mek a big ole fool lak me feel vary queer ; an' den
Sometam I get up from my bed an' ope de door again,
An' den I go to sleep right hoff, an' don' feel triste at all—
A'm back chez nous at Côte des Neiges, behine old
Montrehall.

SIMON FRASER—1808.

POMP of the *voyageurs*,
Pride of the daring !
Lofty the birch lifts her light prow aloof.
Whither the *voltigeurs*
Valiantly faring ?
What are these waters that put ye to proof ?
“ *En avant, Boucher ! Garde biens les rochers*
Allons nous chercher la grande mer d'Ouest ! ”

Clerks of La Compagnie,
Bondmen and boatmen,
Fill the four galleys that follow in file—
Fearless to villany,
Cheerful cutthroat men,
Dash the swift paddle in swaggering style.
“ *Prends le droit, Pierre Roy ! Keep to the fair way*
Down the white stairway that falls to the West. ”

All the wide watering
Gulleted sudden
Where the hills throttle the wild leaping thing !
Chasms gape, guttering,
Gasp and are flooden,
White combing currents convulsively spring.
“ *Vite donc, Belanger ! Crains pas le danger !*
“ *Houp ! la grande plonge, et tout d'suite pour l'Ouest.* ”

Straight as an arrow flies
When the thumb scraping
’Twangs the taut cord to the rebounding bow !

Straight to where narrow lies
One stream escaping
Yonder dun boulder that shoulders the flow !
“ Bully boy, *Waccun ! Right by the black one !*
“ *Now the ways lack one more bar to the West.*”

Now we run merrily !
Hark to the sounding
Pebbles a fathom beneath our canoes—
So we swing warily
Where the bend rounding
Shows the wide shoal and the intricate sloughs.

“ *Qu’ dis tu, Quesnel ? is yon the channel ?*
“ *Oui, M’sieu Simon ! C’est la route pour l’Ouest !*”

Here a high sundering
Monolith towers,
Ripping the river to ribbons of foam ;
There the slide thundering
Scatters in showers
Traitorous eddies that sapped the hills dome.

“ *Débarquez, Gagnon ! Camp in the bay yon—*
Hai, mes compagnons ! Sol se couche dans l’Ouest !”

Soon through the willow wet
Flames in the twilight
Speak the quick camp neath the *épinette* tree
Where in fierce silhouette
Shadows on high light
Dance like the crew of a *chasse gallerie*.*

Saint Anne the Holy ! Ward thou the lowly !
With trust in Thee wholly, we win to the West !

*A spectral boat which rides the tempest through the tree-tops
the Canadian forest.

BALLAD OF THE TERCENTENARY—(1908).

A Tribute.

DE firs' St. Henery of all
He was le Roi de France,
An' long ago at Montrehall
He mak his residence.

He's bring French soldier all de way
Dose Iroquois for fight,
He'll lick de Injun every day
An' Irishmans at night.

He's build l'église of Notre Dame,
Got shares on Molson's Banque,
An' railway of hees own, long tam
Before de olc Grand Tronc.

He's got a farm on Ste. Hilaire,
An' one by Outremont ;
He's give big school to Séminaire,
An' one fat poche d'argent.

De sister of de Sacré Cœur
He's very good for dose,
An' everywhere he bring bonheur
From Dorval to Ste Rose.

Den come St. Henery seconde—
Le Roi de l'Angleterre—
He's want make boss on tout le monde—
Sapree—il aime la guerre !

He's buy tree ship from ole Sir Hugh,
Wat run de Allan boat,
An' bring along dat Loupgarou—
Wolf man, you call—vous aut'.

He tie his ship on Point Levis,
An' shoot de cannon ball,
Till by en by our Henery
Come down from Montrehall.

Wid him is come le Sieur Montcalm
An' all his brave soldats,
Dey marche upon Champs Abraham
An' shout, "Come on, mes gars!"

Den Loupgarou is come across
All in a big bateau,
An' wid him come de fierce Ecosses
An' General Malbrou.

De band play "Malbrou va-t-en guerre."
De Scotchman bagpipe squeal,
An' French band echo tout à l'heure
"Mais quand reviendra-t-il?"

Oh, dat was music bad for hall;
Dey climb up on de hill,
An' shoot away wid musket ball
Till everyone was kill.

De English Henery make aim
An' shoot wid his fusil,
He hit de French King of dat name
An' bring heem on his knee.

" Je mœurs, mon frère," our Henery cry,
Den shout " Prends garde, je tire ! "
De ball hit King of England's h'eye
An' come out on hees h'ear.

Den Montcalm draw hees sabre out
An' shout " Hourah ! Québec ! "
He's stab Malbrou, but while hees shout
Dat Wolf cut off hees neck.

Den Wolf lie down an' weep for see
All men is dead an' gone.
An' pretty soon he's carve " Ci git "
Upon a gret big stone.

He's drag Montcalm beside dat stone
An' say, " Attends un peu,
You don't go Purgatoire alone,
I die—an' come wid you."

De grass is all mêlée wid blood,
De smoke make black le ciel.
All leetle gardens tramp to mud,
Lak butcher shop in Hell.

All Sister from de convent ran
For help de sick. Les Frères
Make grave for dose dead Englishman,
But not de holy prayer.

Till one good Canadien he spik,
" Monsignor l'Archevêque,
Please mak some prayer for heretic
Wat die here on Québec.

" You bless de grass dat blood mek wet,
An' when she's green encore,
You'll see some men wat don't forget
To not fight any more.

" De grass dat grow nex' year, nex' year
Two frien'ly tongues will speak,"
Dat's say Joly de Lotbinière
To Monsignor l'Archevêque.

Monsignor mak de sign of cross
An' say, " Dat shall be so ! "
Den all was bury in one fosse
An' mek bless comme il faut.

An' all dat field where man kill man
Is holy cimetière,
An' English, French, turn Canayen
Like Sieur de Lotbinière.

When Queen Victoria hear dat
Of good Henri Joly,
She say, " We'll make sanctificat
Our own St. Henery ! "

An' wid Monsignor l'Archevêque
Dey mek him so by law,
De t'ird St. Henery of Québec,
An' God bless Canadaw.

DO YOU PLAY ?

It fell one eve that Edward was my host ;
And when the cloth was drawn
(About the hour when I am wont to toast
My slippered toes, and yawn
Above the pages of a well-thumbed book
To while an hour away)
He turned him to me with a doubting look
And questioned, " Do you play ? "

We were but four weak men, the women fled
To regions " ben the hoose "
(As Burns would put it if he were not dead),
I bore some dollars loose
In silver quarters scattered through my clothes,
And yet I would not boast ;
True modesty a braggart ever loathes—
And Edward was my host.

Then, too, his friends were strange to me, unknown
Before our plate of soup,
And their cold presence brooked no vaunting tone
Of cheerful cock a whoop,
So, swallowing all thought of proud retorts
To Edward's query terse,
" At jousts," I said, " and gambolling of sorts
" I've known a few play worse !

" As Henry Irving, playing to the spook
" Of Denmark's royal dead ;
" Or Steinitz giving Zukertort a rook
" To mate six moves ahead ;

" Or Roberts with his anchor cannon coup

" Breaking the record score ;

" Or Paderewski at his Fugue Opp. 2

" Daring the dread encore !

" Or Armand Massy o'er the turf-clad earth

" Lofting a stymied put ;

" Or willow-wielding Grace of generous girth

" Leg gliding for a cut ;

" Or Bobby Powell, ubiquitous at need,

" To meet the volleyed sphere

" When o'er the lawn low cries of ' Played indeed ! '

" Smite his unlistening ear.

" Such foemen would I doughtily defy

" As worthy of my style—

" Yea, and for tuppence extra, Harry Fry,

" The lithe and versatile."

My Edward interrupted here—" Do you

" Play Bridge ? You silly ass ! "

Like a dazed Bridegroom I replied : " I do ! "

And let his insult pass.

We cut for partners and I drew a blank—

A sort of human void—

Whose guessed existence filled some solemn rank.

Aloof he dwelt, annoyed

At simple folk and simple pleasant chat.

His face was flat and round

As any putting green—and he was fat ;

His presence was profound !

And Edward had a lime and soda

Of sixty sapless years ;

His garments trim and attitude sedate

Marked him as one who fears

Marital censure. Few the words he spoke,
And fewer were enou,
For every trick he cracked his little joke
And squealed "Lead on McDuff!"

Edward himself is very well—but prone
To qualify his mood
To those who seem to walk with self alone—
Alas! If they but would
And thus perforce my flowing voice became
A song to harmonise
The words of gloom that tend to make the game
A horrid Bridge of Sighs.

So as we played I spoke to them of what
Of Betsey Battle told,
And how on penny points she would in
In Elia's days of old.
How Cluny, after Collops in his cave
Loved Clarey wine and Cartes,
When Allan Breck and lowland kidnapped Dave
Took flight through highland parts.

How Charles and Stephen Fox lost fortunes twice
At Almacks or at Brooks;
How D'Orsay vied with Montroud at the vice—
(Counts were they both — and crooks).
But spite of all my entertaining arts
No answer I evoked,
Only the doleful wail—"Having no Hearts?"
When I, perchance, revoked.

For, as I talked, I played with pleasing luck—
My cards made Edward sneer.
My moon-faced partner, when I ran amuck
With trumps, grew green with fear.

When I miscalled I tell him this story
My play man—Edward's year,
But luck at cards, I think, is half the game.
I never turned a hair.

Art skill and fortune, when the box,
Are hard to beat of course,
Despite of penalties and forfeit—
The second round horse and horse
Name each, and then I hurt again
The deal—the deal—the
And mean-face from a popo
Moaning in defeat—“No lul

“Sweetheart!” I cried and made
1x

Jack high—
Ned's partner—
And then I tried to bluff

For oh; My heart—
J—ten,

So I recubled—
Edward—
“What's the use?”

I—
hands seven
line to wield.
“Has Dummy got?”

ed—
and in wrath:
every other card
down the path.

Dummy gazed at me;
state.

But at its screams—
That round face black with hate.

I played his card in haste "On with the game!"

Fearful lest he forget

Whist manners and eviscerate my frame

Despite Hoyle's etiquette.

The king drew ace, two, five—One trick to we

Dummy's top Spade I tried;

Ed's five fell, and my deuce, but old McD.

Trumped four spot—then the Bride

Of Diamonds led he; with a round red ace

My Dummy trumped the bun;

Ed's six, my seven took their proper place;

Our tricks were two to one.

"Give me," I cried, "the self-same merry odds—

"Against the Jabberwok

"And back to back I'll save my threshold gods;

"On the lone Simoorg stalk

"A Janus double-fronted nor afraid!

"Or beard the Cock Lane ghost"—

Ed frowned—I therefore led a Dummy Spade

For Edward was my host.

On Dummy's king of Spades Ed's seven fell;

Tray Diamond was my slough—

Then eight of Hearts—again the fatal knell!

"Two all—Play on McDuff!"

His Jack of Diamonds drew an eight from Ed

On Dummy's lowest Spade.

"Having no Diamonds?" with a Heart instead,

Three tricks to two I made.

Then loosed the three of Trumps—McDuff played nine.

Four Spades—five Hearts, were thrown:

Three all. High Diamond led, Dummy of mine

Discarded. With a groan

Edward threw down the five of Clubs. Once more
I trumped and led a Trump.
My Jack drew Queen and six—which made “All four!”
McDuff played with a thump

The Queen of Clubs—My Dummy with the ace
Took seven and deuce as well,
And led the nine of Spades—Two Clubs apace
Before the Trump King fell.
The score five all—McDuff reached out for tricks
By leading his King Club,
The ten of Spades, Ed’s nine of Clubs, my six
Were slain—“Aye, there’s the rub,”

Quoth I: “For in this game of cards, indeed,
“What pipe dreams shall escape
“When we—who shuffled well the pack—shall read.
“Must you give pause? To shape
“The swift calamity of one long suit?
“The native hue of toast
So sicklied o’er thy pale and”—“Quit, you brute!”
Spake Edward—he my Host!

McDuff (and he was just one trick too slow)
The curse of Scotland threw
Which with Spade Jack and four of Clubs lay low
When I the last Trump blew
And led the knave of Clubs (the ten Ed had)
Four Diamond, Mac. displayed.
“Partner,” I cried, “we win! Now aren’t you glad
“I did not let you Spade?”

I well remember me how once I stood
High on a summit range
Where clouds engulfed me in dark amplitude
Of silence, tense and strange

Till at the summons of Electra—Crash !

The world burst into flames.

Just so exploded Dummy—" Dash ! Dash !! Dash !!!

(He called me dreadful names.)

He vanished, breathing slaughter, and McDuff

(His true name I knew not)

Simpered : " It was a pleasant game enough,

" ' Pons Asinorum,' what ? "

And Ed said : " Come, we'll join the ladies, eh ?

" And ask em' for a song ?

" Next time you want a game, old chap, go play

" At Solitaire Ping Pong ! "

THE LAY OF A HAND AT BRIDGE.

Three clubmen stood belated
About the card room door,
And walked, and talked, and waited,
And smoked, and joked, and swore.
Young Smith from far Chilcotin,
Lord of the Bunchgrass range,
And Jones, whose pa was something
In London's stock exchange,

And Brown, the ancient Colonel,
Whose paunch for many a year
Was rounded out with luscious food
And bottled goods that long had stood
Maturing in old sherry wood,
And other festive cheer.

To them there came Horatio,
A joyous sport was he,
"Now who will sit and risk a bit
To play at Bridge with me?
'Tis near the hour of midnight,
There's no time for a rub,
Let's play one hand at four-bit points
Before I leave the club."

"Horatio," quoth the Colonel,
"As thou sayest, so let it go."
He pressed the card room button
And bade the Scotch to flow.
They called for cards and cut them,
And round the table sat;

Horatio wore a winning smile—
The Colonel wore his hat.

The deal fell to Horatio,
The dummy fell to Jones,
'Twas their night for a killing,
They felt it in their bones.
Smith cut the cards for dealing.
Horatio dealt them fair,
Each clutched his hand to learn his fate,
Glanced at the others, turned to wait
The dealer's pleasure, when he'd state
What suit he would declare.

Horatio had of Diamonds
A single shining Ace,
The King of Clubs unguarded
Lurked in a lonely place.
With Ace, King, Jack, to lead them,
Of Spades he counted six.
(He did not love their color
But good they looked for tricks.)

Five Hearts he held, and small ones—
Nine was the best he had—
But all in all the chances
Were not so very bad.
"I make it Hearts," he shouted,
And then—What Ho—she bumps!
"I double!" cried the Colonel,
And led the Ace of Trumps.

Now the Dummy's brow was sad,
And the Dummy's hand was seen:
Two Hearts were all he had,
Seven Diamonds to the Queen,

And his Spades were Queen, ten, two,
And his Clubs, the Queen alone.
Dummy spread them all in view,
And Horatio gave a groan.

Then Dealer frowned at Dummy,
And Dummy frowned him back.
And Dummy cursed his partner,
And his partner cursed the pack;
And both their minds were troubled,
Both noses out of joint,
With Hearts declared, and doubted,
At fifty cents a point.

Five times in quick succession
The honor Hearts were led,
Five times Horatio followed suit
With bleeding drops of red.
Two Hearts, three Spades from Dummy
The deadwood helped to swell,
While Smith threw off two Diamonds,
Three little Spades as well.

The Deuce of Clubs then leading
Brought forth the Dummy's Queen,
Third hand played Ace—the Dealer's King
Swift vanished from the scene.
And Smith then led a Diamond,
Horatio played his Ace,
And thought the trick was his'n
For half a breathing space.

Alas! the cunning Colonel
Had naught but Hearts and black;
He played the thirteenth trumplet
And led of Clubs the Jack.

Again (ninth trick) a Club he played,
The six—his partner, unafraid,
Took with the nine, and promptly made
His Diamond King (to draw the Spade),
Then led a small Club back.

The last three tricks were taken
With little Clubs, by Brown ;
Ten, seven, eight, in sequence
They bowled Horatio down.
And when the score was totalled
Two forty-eight it ran,
With thirteen tricks, Hearts doubled,
Five Honors and Chicane.

Horatio got up slowly
And stood upon the floor.
He counted out one hundred
And twenty scads and four ;
To Smith he paid the money,
Jones did the same by Brown,
Then each in silence stole away
And wandered through the town.

* * * *

It stands in the committee room,
Plain for all folk to read,
Horatio's score of double naught
When Hearts he had decreed,
And underneath is written
The price he paid in gold
For playing at the game of Bridge
Against that Colonel old.

ROMANCE BEHIND THE HOE.

(The Poet Speaks.)

Ho, Newsboy ! Tell me—now that Fortune fickle
Hath drained my purse to one lone lee of dimes—
Would'st counsel me my penultimate nickel
To squander on the *Times* ?

Were it not wiser far, and more befitting,
That I should clutch my coin and homeward speed
Than, penniless, to spend ten minutes sitting
'Midst those who tram and read ?

What is there after all that you can offer
To tempt me with your journalistic files,
That I should break my modest thrift-fed coffer,
Sacred to Samuel Smiles ?

Flaunt not at me your editorial leaders—
Time was when truth was spread with printers' ink.
But now, the homilies you pass your readers
Are tarnished by a wink.

Your news ? I hear it from the man who makes it,
Roosevelt and I were chums, long, long ago—
Besides, we know the A. P.* always fakes it,
When happenings are slow.

Your letters from the public ? Impecunious
Altho' I be, some books still grace my shelf,
And when I seek for better stuff than Junius'
I'll write the things myself.

*Associated Press.

The fault's not yours, my lad—all journalism
To-day runs blankly white in prosy ways—
Cold science rules, and bars the poet's prism,
Romance—and colored rays.

Your clickset type, cogged wheels and modern gearing,
Have made machines of those who once were men—
And such as I look on with doubtful fearing
And mourn the old quill pen.

Go, get thee gone, my little news-sheet vendor,
Be brave and good, and let this comfort you—
King Carnegie, the Chadwick money lender,
Once peddled papers, too.

(The Newsboy Outpours.)

Now, by the grave of Gutenberg, the Master,
Whose craft hath taught the centuries to live,
Keeping all arts from chaos and disaster,
The Art Preservative;

And by the fame of Caxton's wondrous story,
Who from far Bruges, a wandering man of Kent,
Sent home the "Booke of Chesse" to shine in glory
O'er England's firmament;

And by the name of him who followed after—
Wynkin de Worde—and his Westminster Presse,
I will not stand for thy sarcastic laughter
And sneering haughtiness!

Wailing Romance as lost, and words poetic
As wingless, with the passing of a quill
You think all genius dead, where arts kinetic
Lend their subsistent skill.

Blind bat, unseeing that Romance is living,
Born with new births and nursed with new desires
To growths undreamed of old—fresh fuel giving
To feed the Poet's fires.

Do you not hear her harmonies enweaving
The traffic and the tumult of the times ?
Threading the tuneful years, and ever leaving
A rising scale of chimes ?

Do you not feel her throbbing pulses, glowing
Where bitted steam or bridled thunderbolt
Champ their stalled strength while you prate all un-
knowing
Of ampere, ohm and volt ?

"Machine-made men," you cry at us, whose labors
Have caught and coined and passed the word along—
Us, who have bridged the world, and made your neigh-
bors
Ultima Thule's throng.

"Machine-made men," are we ? and slaves of science ?
Soulless, and automatic in our works ?
Perhaps—and yet I know one such appliance
Wherein a poem lurks.

'Tis just a little tube of metal filings,
Inducted—Polarized—or what you will—
Unsentient, knowing naught of tears or smilings—
How could it feel a thrill ?

And yet at summons of a strange vibration
Its senseless parts cohere, with dash and dot,
Till shore to shore, and nation unto nation,
Sends living waves of thought.

So we, at times unthinking and unheeding,
Catch, register and vocalize the call
Of deep to deep, and give you for your reading
The writing on the wall.

By wire-run landways, by Marconi's steeples,
From ship to crag, or by the cabled seas,
We gather all the hap of outer peoples--
Yea, from the least of these--

And spread them fresh, a never-ending wonder
Of webspun world lore--more than man can know--
Joint product of Watt's steam and Franklin's thunder--
The day's grist of the Hoe!

(The Poet Whispers.)

I say, old chap! I'm sorry I was funny--
Or tried to be--but, really, you're immense!
Give me a paper, please--No, keep the money,
I've got more dimes than sense.

